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WOODWIND

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AN ARTS PAPER

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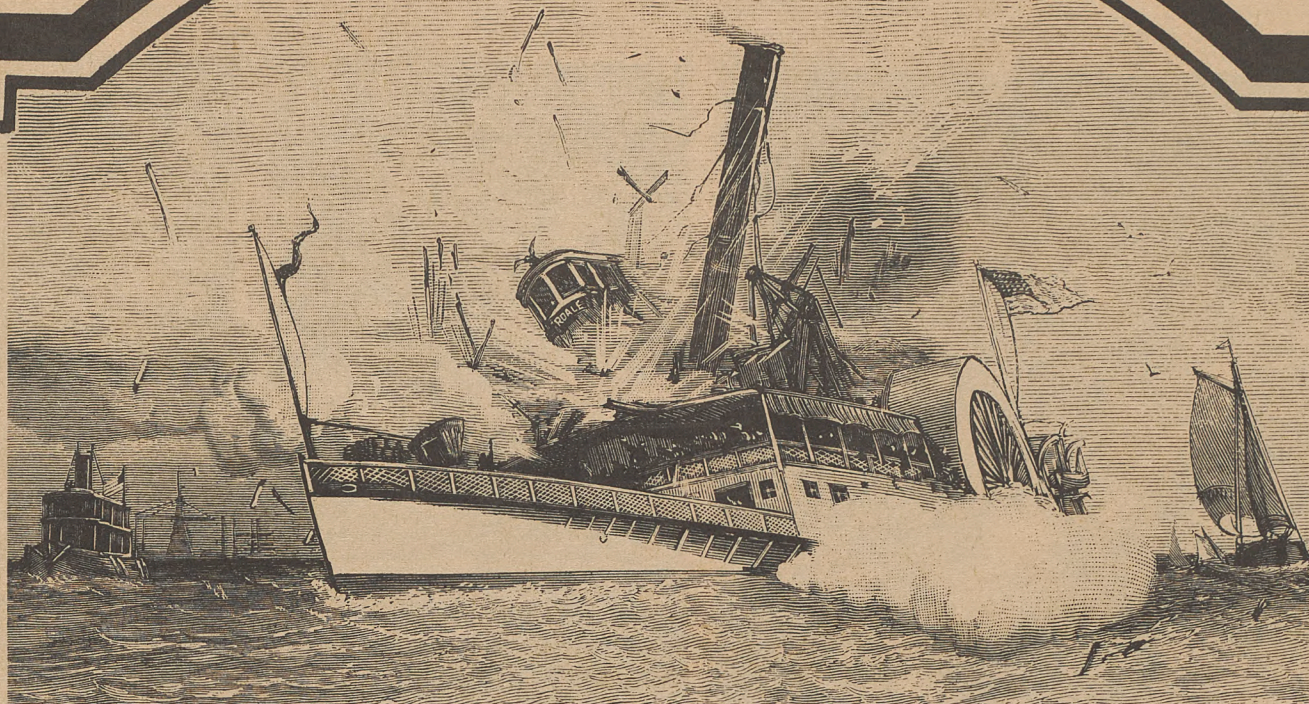
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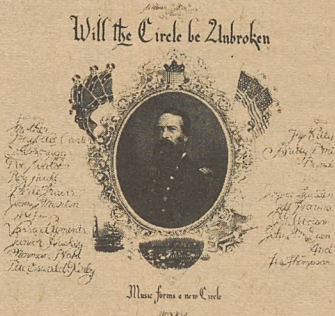
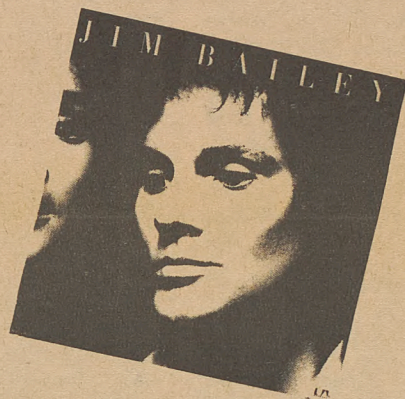
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GEORGE CUKOR

By Alex Ward



Cukor and Alec McCowan on set of "Travels With My Aunt."



Camille



Dinner at Eight



A Star Is Born



Travels With My Aunt

It was George Cukor's first trip to Washington in years, and he was in extremely high spirits, as well he might be. Cukor was here to be honored by The American Film Institute, which was beginning a series, "The Films of George Cukor," as its initial program at the Kennedy Center. But another for his good mood was a party he had thrown the day before leaving Los Angeles, for Spanish filmmaker Luis Bunuel, whose latest picture, *THE DISCREET CHARM OF THE BOURGEOISIE*, has just been released in this country to rave notices.

"The party was a marvelous affair," explained Cukor, using one of his favorite adjectives. "John Ford and Alfred Hitchcock were there, and so were Billy Wilder, William Wyler, George Stevens, Robert Wise and Reuben Mamoulian. The only problem I had was the seating arrangement. Some of us are getting quite hard of hearing you know, so I had to be careful who I sat next to who. As it was, we often all had to shout to keep everyone in the conversation."

Cukor's hearing problem is about the only thing that gives away his age, which is 73. He is still a working director, having just finished the film version of Graham Greene's novel, *TRAVELS WITH MY AUNT*, starring Maggie Smith; is still active in the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and an organizer of Filmex, the Hollywood film festival; and still maintains the eloquence and wit that have marked all his films.

During his weekend here last month, Cukor raced through an almost endless round of interviews and parties with a surprising amount of verve. ("I've been introduced to so many people," he confessed on his next to last day, shaking his head. "They've called me Mr. Zukor or Cukar, and they all want to know what Garbo is like. I just tell 'em. . . Mmmm, dark and mysterious, you know, dark and mysterious. . . I think I've got that down pat now.")

During one interview, he found himself comparing his own work with that of the more "socially relevant" film directors of today. It's a situation most artists who made their reputation more than 10 years ago probably are trapped in from time to time, but considering the sum and substance of Cukor's life work, it seemed ludicrous nonetheless.

"I don't know how much pictures in my day solved," he argued, "and I don't know how much pictures today solve, either. There is a great deal of talk now about artistic integrity, but people are still out for the buck as much as they ever were. We tried to be true to ourselves in making pictures, and I think we were. And I think because of it, the pictures we made were a lot less pretentious."

"I don't think there is anything particularly ignoble about making entertaining pictures," he continued. "People go to the theater to be entertained and we, in our own plodding way, have tried to accommodate them."

In his own plodding way, George Cukor

(pronounced Q - kor, with the accent on the first syllable) has made a long list of films that have to be ranked not only as the most entertaining of Hollywood's productions, but also the most erudite, literate and witty. Cukor is generally regarded as the person who made the movies talk, not with just words, but with style, sophistication and humor. Even now it is hard to watch one of his films without wishing you could open your mouth and say the things his actors do.

Cukor's credits include *WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD?*, *THE WOMEN*, *DAVID COPPERFIELD*, *HOLIDAY*, *THE PHILADELPHIA STORY*, *CAMILLE*, *GASLIGHT*, *ADAM'S RIB*, *PAT AND MIKE*, *A STAR IS BORN*, *DINNER AT EIGHT* and *MY FAIR LADY*, for which he won an Academy Award in 1964. In all, he has made almost 50 feature films, and has directed most of the "name" stars: Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracey, Greta Garbo, Cary Grant, Marilyn Monroe, W.C. Fields, Ingrid Bergman, Jean Harlow, John Barrymore, Marie Dressler, Judy Garland and Audrey Hepburn. His artistry and craftsmanship are beyond question.

George Cukor was born in New York City, the son of middle-class Hungarian immigrants. Though his parents encouraged a career in law, he developed a strong interest in the theater early in life, and after completing high school, went to work as an assistant stage manager on Broadway. Later, he latched on to a touring company and finally graduated to operating his own troupe in Rochester. When the "talkies" swept Hollywood in the late '20's, there was a great demand for directors with theatrical experience, so Cukor signed a contract with Paramount Pictures and went west.

His first job there was as a dialogue director; he worked with a film called *RIVER OF ROMANCE*, and then under Lewis Milestone on *ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT*. Cukor's full-fledged directorial debut was *GRUMPY* in 1930.

After *RIVER OF ROMANCE*, Cukor met and became friendly with David O. Selznick. Their friendship endured through more than 30 years (until Selznick's death), six films, and a few hardships, not the least of which was Cukor's removal from Selznick's *GONE WITH THE WIND*. It is not a topic he relishes discussing now. "I did all the screen tests for the picture," he explained, "and began the shooting. But after a few weeks I was replaced by Victor Fleming. Selznick was just not satisfied with my work. I was told that I was concentrating too much on the women in the picture and not enough on the men. Anyway, when I was taken off, I just decided that I wouldn't let the experience ruin me. I kept going, and David and I remained friends. We always had great respect for one another."

Cukor gained a reputation as a "woman's director" ("I don't see why, really," he says, "I worked quite a lot with a lot of actors: Cary Grant, Fredric March, John Barrymore,

Spencer Tracey.") Perhaps it was because he took a genre of film — the sophisticated "drawing room" comedy — and refined it into an art. Or perhaps, more to the point, it was because in the 30's and 40's the truly big stars were women — Garbo, Harlow, Hepburn, Bergman — and Cukor was able to extract from them some of their most memorable performances.

"I have had the great good fortune of working with many of the best people in the business," he claimed, with characteristic modesty. "Writers like Phil Barry, Garson Kanin, Ruth Gordon, stars like Hepburn and Tracey, producers like Selznick and Irving Thalberg. One hears a lot about how Hollywood people were difficult to get along with, how they were moody and temperamental, and how the large studios were slave ships, run by ruthless masters. Well, it just wasn't so. Most of the actors and actresses I've worked with were extremely conscientious and professional, much more concerned with giving good performances than with coddling their own egos."

"And the studios? Well, I thought they were marvelous. They saw to it that anything that was needed to make a film was provided. Props, wardrobes, special effects; a director never had to worry about any of them."

Cukor quickly dispels any notion that he is an *auteur*, the name applied to filmmakers who strongly influence every facet of their films: writing, direction and editing. Still, there is no questioning the fact that Cukor's mark is indelibly stamped on all of his films.

"To me," he explained, "the dialogue has always been the most important element in a picture. Maybe it's because I began in the theater. Making a good picture is a matter of having a good idea, and then having the idea well-written. No, I have never written any of my own pictures, I have always thought that directing them was more than enough of a job for me."

"A lot of the good lines in my pictures appear to be spontaneous. But, in fact, they were always written beforehand and carefully planned. The idea was to give the impression of spontaneity."

During the past few years, understandably, Cukor's involvement in films has been more and more sporadic. In 1960, he directed Marilyn Monroe in one of her last films, *LET'S MAKE LOVE*, and made *THE CHAPMAN REPORT* two years later. Then came the Academy Award winning *MY FAIR LADY* in 1964. Since then, he has done only *JUSTINE* (which he took over from Joseph Strick after filming had begun) and the just-completed *TRAVELS WITH MY AUNT*.

About the latter, however, he is as excited as a young director who's just made his first feature. "It's about a woman who has done and seen almost everything in her life," he explained, "and even though she's getting on in years, she still lives it to the fullest. Maggie

Smith plays the lead, and she is simply marvelous."

TRAVELS WITH MY AUNT is full of outrageous characters. The aunt herself, for instance, and Wordsworth, her young black lover who entraps her nephew (who narrates the story) into her life by replacing his mother's ashes — still warm from her recent cremation — with his stash of grass, to elude the police.

The book traces the aunt's younger life through reminiscences, but in the film she is pictured as a young, then middle-aged, and finally elderly (but never old) woman. Alec McCowan is the milquetoastish nephew in the movie, and Lou Gossett plays Wordsworth.

"I loved the book," said Cukor. "And when I got the opportunity to acquire the rights to it to make a film, of course I jumped at it. Since making *JUSTINE*, I have been interested in several other film projects, but they just didn't work out. This one did, though, Katharine Hepburn was originally supposed to star in the picture, but she ran into difficulties which could not be worked out, so we got Maggie Smith, and everything went perfectly."

TRAVELS WITH MY AUNT is due for a pre-Christmas release and, with any luck, should be in Washington by February. I hope so anyway. I expect it'll be every bit as marvelous as the director claims.

George Cukor, a filmography:

Grumpy (1930); *The Virtuous Sin* (1930); *The Royal Family of Broadway* (1930); *Tarnished Lady* (1931); *Girls About Town* (1932); *What Price Hollywood?* (1932); *A Bill of Divorcement* (1932); *Rockabye* (1932); *Our Betters* (1933); *Dinner At Eight* (1933); *Little Women* (1933); *David Copperfield* (1935); *Sylvia Scarlett* (1935); *Romeo And Juliet* (1936); *Camille* (1936); *Holiday* (1938); *Zaza* (1938); *The Women* (1939); *Susan and God* (1940); *The Philadelphia Story* (1940); *A Woman's Face* (1941); *Two-Faced Woman* (1941); *Her Cardboard Lover* (1942); *Keeper Of The Flame* (1942); *Gaslight* (1944); *Winged Victory* (1944); *A Double Life* (1947); *Edward, My Son* (1948); *Adam's Rib* (1949); *A Life Of Her Own* (1950); *Born Yesterday* (1950); *The Model And The Marriage Broker* (1951); *The Marrying Kind* (1951); *Pat And Mike* (1952); *The Actress* (1953); *It Should Happen To You* (1954); *A Star Is Born* (1954); *Bhowani Junction* (1956); *Les Girls* (1957); *Let's Make Love* (1960); *The Chapman Report* (1962); *My Fair Lady* (1964); *Justine* (1969); *Travels With My Aunt* (1972).

BONNIE RAITT

By Richard Harrington



"I'm wenchy, round-faced. I giggle a lot, I drink a lot. I also look a little sweet sometimes. I look the same contradictions that my music is," Some Philadelphia writer caught that physicality of Bonnie Raitt when he described her as a tainted Botticelli, perhaps titled "The Violated Madonna."

When Bonnie Raitt spent a week in Washington recently, rounding out a bill with John Prine at the Cellar Door, we sat and talked about how people always seem to look very much like the music they play. Among the women, this seemed especially true — from the svelte sultriness of Rita Coolidge to the aesthetic purity of Joan Baez. Bonnie herself is closest to breaking away from that image-association, and it's mostly because her music is root-based blues. At the age of 23, she is one of the few women of her generation to have directed her musical energy into the blues rather than folk or rock.

"I grew up out in California in the early 60's and when I was in junior high school, it was Jan and Dean and the Beachboys and a lot of surfer groups which I really detested." California did provide her with her first whiffs of folk music, though, and Eastern summer camps inundated with the then-burgeoning folk boom, induced her to take up the guitar around 1961.

She lives very much in the present, an almost invisible string still tying her down, at times, to being the daughter of John Raitt. In case you've forgotten he is that fine leading man of various Broadway musicals such as *CAROUSEL* and *OKLAHOMA*. Like many offspring of well-known people, Bonnie neither hides her father nor does she drag him out as a point of reference. They are on friendly terms and occasionally share a bill together. But she has spent too much time energizing her own self to be caught up in comparisons and the generally idle tracing of parental influence.

The Velvet Underground used to sing a song about a teenage girl who one day turned on a New York station and "her life was saved by rock and roll." For Bonnie, the medium was less monumental. "In 1963, I ran into the *BLUES AT NEWPORT* album and I heard John Hurt, Gary Davis, John Hammond. I had heard blues, but just real old gospel stuff and I had heard Reed and Muddy Waters. I was of a generation too young to go to clubs and hang out and see everybody, so I mostly got it off of records. In the early 60's I learned how to play off John Hammond records and John Hurt records, but pretty much without any formal guitar training. As the years went on, I became more of a real blues freak. I always did, and still do, mostly like the blues and soul music. For one thing, there's a real fraternity of blues freaks in this country."

After spending a few years at Radcliffe, she started popping up in the various small folk clubs that dot Philadelphia (where she worked for the American Friends Service Committee) and Boston (outside of which she now shares a house with several other women). If Philadelphia was something of a proving

ground, she had definitely gotten her music together by the time she returned to Cambridge. People started talking about this fine-looking redhead who could lay down some nasty blues, not as an act, but for real. Nowadays, Bonnie is the kind of minor cult figure who pops up from time to time to allow a geographic location pride in being able to claim itself as "the home of..."

Along with other young white musicians (like Spider John Koerner, Peter Johnson and Chris Smither) who love the blues and have very much devoted their energies to perpetuating its popularity, Bonnie occasionally is saddled by purists (especially critics) who question whether a young white girl can really bring authenticity to the blues, whether or not she's paid her dues. But Bonnie feels that that observation is not valid or necessary because pain is all relative and basic. It's how you understand it and what you do with it. "You look at a 60-year old woman singing the same song, and you appreciate it because she's 60 and has had that many more years, and she's black, and she's had that kind of experience. But it doesn't make it any more (or less) valid."

"And if you're thinking of it in terms of 12-bars or 3-chord changes, then you've got your head up your ass. That's not blues. Most jazz stuff is blues, people blowing away their souls. There's no "form" for it."

Bonnie plays both traditional and bottleneck blues, the second being somewhat unusual. "When I started playing bottleneck, it didn't occur to me that no other girls were doing this kind of thing, till I was grown and in college. Nobody ever played the instrument, much less used it in singing folk music in the late 60's, with that kind of guitar (a National Steel)." Even her traditional style of guitar is unusual, with the wrist tucked in tight and the right hand more important than the left. "It's like playing blues guitar without a flatpick. Electric people like B.B. King and Buddy Guy play flatpick, but Muddy Waters still fingerpicks."

She's a bit insecure about her voice. But many people who have heard her feel it is her best asset. At times it can convey the little girl quality of a woman helplessly in love and on the very next song she can display the erotic, gut-level raunch of a woman who's been that route and knows better. She wishes she could have the kind of voice to sing the music she likes — say a voice like Gladys Knight. She is also critical of several other women belters like Tracy Nelson and Rita Coolidge. "It's as if they're reading soul inflections on a chart."

Because she is so adept at both playing and singing, she is often welcome in the dressing rooms and homes of the older and one-time popular bluesmen like the late Mississippi Fred McDowell and Skip James. They regard her with both amusement and delight, because she's different from the blues aficionados who think they can play and actually can't even get into a simple, honest blues progression. She has the advantage of being able to

sit down with the best and stay with them. The older blues people find satisfaction in seeing young people like Bonnie perpetuating the form, or young blacks like Taj Mahal getting into playing and digging at the roots.

Her relationship with the older players is more than just friendship, it's genuine concern. "It makes me sick that the real old and close-to-dyin' men have no place to play, I mean just in terms of paying for living or paying the rent. They never did anything in their past lives that would insure social security. Like, everybody 're-discovered' John Hurt and Skip James, and then just dropped them." There are few places that hire blues acts, and even fewer festival situations. The annual Ann Arbor Blues Festival (where Bonnie was the only white, female and acoustic act) is really not enough, and she feels there is a lack of blues representation at the Philadelphia Folk Festival. And, of course, Newport no longer exists as a Festival.

Some of the slack will be made up, she insists, when she reaches the level of being able to do her own concerts. Reaching that level will require a little compromise, for she also insists that she is not in it for the money. "I don't want to be a star. I don't want hit records. I'm trying to use these last two years to have a good time and survive. The difference between me and Janis Joplin is that she really lived her role and wanted to be a star and make lots of money, and I want to do just the opposite. I want to have fun. As soon as I reach the point where I can do my own concerts, I'll put Robert Pete Williams on the bill, or anybody that's able to play and needs the money." The idea of working with basically uncommercial people on low-priced shows extends to her two albums on Warner Brothers (*BONNIE RAITT* and *GIVE IT UP*). On them, she sets out to break the record for the use of musical friends as sidemen. Being able to use them allowed her to make sure that there was at least some cash flowing in their direction. For the record company itself, Bonnie's surging popularity represents their high hopes slowly coming to fruition.

For Bonnie, the last two years represent more than just hard work and more than occasional fun. She has become something of a popular figure among women working to break away from traditional roles. She is different than most women in rock (with obvious exceptions like Fanny and various folk-people) in that she plays strongly enough to not need back-up musicians, who tend to be male (though she does use her close friend Freebo on the fretless bass). "It feels good, I'm real aware of it. When I grew up, I was told I could be anything I wanted to be." Her apparent strength causes other women, particularly writers and performers to gravitate towards her. While this can be a burden, it can also be a source of pride. "The next generation of girls is going to have people like myself and Fanny as a model, and in the next five years, there's gonna be an incredible influx of women guitar players. It'll be so much fun and it'll make things interesting. Right now, there's no competition."

Sometimes it's difficult to approach people as a writer, because there can be a tendency to tread on them, not as personalities, but as people, and while you want to find out a lot, you also want to avoid finding out too much. Portions of a week spent with Bonnie Raitt allow one to see a lot of 'person' in the artist. Sitting in restaurants at four in the morning can reveal the frequent insecurities the pains and the hopes. It becomes a privilege, then, to hear her say: "I know what's wrong with me. There's a certain amount of work between here and there, where I should be. And I'll do it." And at that point, it becomes quite clear that this woman has the strength and good mind to be everything she wants to be, to do everything she wants to do. Just give her time.

A Bonnie Raitt Discography

Her first album, simply titled *BONNIE RAITT*, was intended to "reflect the difference between music made among friends coming together in the country and the kind squeezed

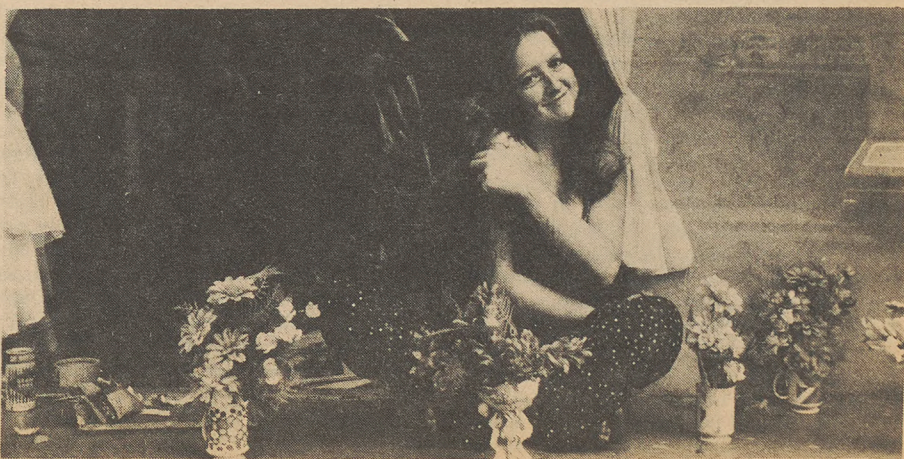
out trying to beat city traffic and studio clocks." As a result, the recording was done in a converted garage on a farm outside of Minneapolis, with some superb blues people (Junior Wells, Willie Murphy, A.C. Reed) sitting in. The outstanding cut is a funky reworking of Steve Stills' "Bluebird," which wasn't exactly mellow to begin with. Then, the first of two Sippie Wallace tunes, "Mighty Tight Woman," done in the particular style of the twenties, when Sippie first brought it to life. The two Raitt originals are uneven, with "Thank You" flowing easily while "Finest Lovin' Man" is saved mostly by some very tight group work. It seems to suffer from being too derivative. Paul Siebel's beautiful love song "Any Day Woman" comes across very bittersweet and mellow, but seems indicative of a general restraint that keeps the album from being as funky and expository as it was intended to be.

The second side pays much closer homage to the traditional blues form, with a Tommy Johnson song ("Big Road") and a Robert Johnson cut ("Walking Blues.") Both songs are done pretty straightforwardly. The old standard "Danger Heartbreak Dead Ahead" receives a fast-paced rendition, while Bonnie tugs the heartstrings with the melancholy "Since I Fell For You." The song was originally done by Ivory Joe Hunter, and could just as well fit on a Peggy Lee record, but Bonnie gives it the quiet grace it needs to work properly.

Her second album is a slight departure from the first in that it reflects an expansion of styles that is not evident on the first. That is, the album showcases the variety of moods that Bonnie can adapt herself to. For one thing, the production by Michael Cuscuna is superb, one of the year's best. (The earlier album was recorded on a four-track machine, something almost unheard of these days, and actually intended to give that album its home-grown, simple flavor.)

Secondly, the material is also excellently chosen from various sources. There is the expected Sippie Wallace exhortation titled "You Got To Know How," which Bonnie delivers in a roaring, old-time jazz manner that is very much a homage to one of her favorite sources of music. Chris Smither's "Love Me Like A Man" attacks the same theme from a different direction, but retains the basic raunchy blues feel. Jackson Browne's represented by "Under The Falling Sky," an almost-rock-and-roll cut that is somewhat more easy-going than the hard stuff. "Stayed Too Long At The Fair," by Joel Zoss is a beautiful ballad, while Eric Kaz's "Love Has No Pride" is without doubt the best cut on an excellent album. Kaz has written many songs for Tracy Nelson, but Bonnie gives this introspective number its definitive rendition. Its perspective on love (evident from the title) is repeated from different angles on Bonnie's three original songs, "Give It Up Or Let It Go," "Nothing Seems To Matter" and "You Told Me." All three songs reflect the explorations and experiences of a woman form a very personal vantage point. "Nothing Seems To Matter" is almost bittersweet, hinged on memories and absence. "Give It Up" is a somewhat more explicit exhortation to her man. And "You Told Me" is a reggae-based number with a most catchy rhythm and melody.

The thing that makes this album outstanding, besides the material and the up-front crystalline qualities of Bonnie's voice, is the overall production level. The presence of many fine Woodstock musicians (the album was recorded there) fills out the material but never overruns it, as is so often the case. Particularly outstanding are Freebo (who works with Bonnie in performance as well), John Hall on guitar, T.J. Tindall on electric guitar and Eric Saz on piano. But special mention should go to Cuscuna for pulling all the pieces together in the studio so that the emerging sound is closer to that of a family of friends than just a very fine record by a very fine singer. The intention of that first album is thus realized in the second and all that that can do is to make folks look forward to the third, which will have to be a masterpiece to equal the excellence of its predecessors.



PERFORMANCE

THE TORTURE OF MOTHERS

Back Alley Theatre

By Jay Alan Quantrell

The Catonsville Nine, the Chicago Seven, the Harlem Six... they are products of the troubled times in America; the sixties, turbulent, cataclysmic, profound years in which the Nine, the Seven, and the Six represented groups of defendants on trial for social crimes. The crimes represented the various facets of the social revolution and the reaction to them by the established forces of law and order. The cataclysm arose out of the challenge which the revolution offered to the law and the order because the order was oppressive and the laws favoritist.

In the continuing examination of our recent history by the artists of our day, Washington has given birth to the latest and perhaps the most moving of the dramas based on the experiences of the various groups of co-defendants. The Harlem Six, born out of insignificance in 1964, has become the defensive line of black understanding in the racial fight for justice, and the Back Alley Theatre has opened a production based on a book about the six black boys who have been brutalized and unjustly manhandled by police officials for nearly ten years. The production is entitled THE TORTURE OF MOTHERS, as it concentrates on the point of view of the mother in each of the six cases. They are all similar and all devastating. The book from which adapter-director Glenda Dickerson created the production was written by Truman Nelson, a Santa Claus-looking expert on metaphysical transcendentalism who wrote the book as an exercise in artistic consciousness.

As produced at the Back Alley Theatre, THE TORTURE OF MOTHERS is as relevant as the award-winning TRAIL OF THE CATONSVILLE NINE, but more moving, more urgent, more compelling, and thus, more entertaining.

It is polemical; but it is so imaginatively staged and devised by Glenda Dickerson, with such sure sense of theatre, that one is swept up in the movement of its various parts. There are annoyingly repetitious segments, such as the description of the individual arrests which are so similar to the audience's understanding that one composite would better serve the whole. The flow from sequence to sequence is not as smooth as it could be in some cases. But these are minor details in a major success. The acting company is unusually fine for an amateur company; Renee Wolfe-Johnson, Margo Barnett, and Yardley Von are outstanding among a group of performers for whom no excuses need be made. I couldn't begin to capture the story of the production, this is one you must see for yourself. I will say that it is not a play in the usual sense of the word, but a dramatic production of the story in far more sophisticated terms.

It is powerful and profound! It is easily the most moving piece of theatre in Washington! It's a fantastic achievement for the Back Alley Theatre.

SUNSHINE BOYS -
National Theatre

Neil Simon's thirteenth play in as many years is now showing at the National Theatre through December 16th. Like all previous Simon opae, it is laugh-filled, fast moving, and natively appointed. It is guaranteed to make 'em cheer. But it is slight Simon at best. It seems to be a return to the old situation comedy style of his early days, but without the clever plot or the real punch.

Titled SUNSHINE BOYS after the name of the act in which two old vaudevillians spent 43 years of their lives, the play recounts the attempt on the part of one of the gagster's nephews to resurrect the act for a television special. However, all the old complaints, all the old animosities, all the things which build up over 43 years of association, crop up to come between the team, and set them back to the realization that it's time to slow down and live their lives out in the home for old actors. Jack Albertson and Sam Levene were made for the parts, or maybe the parts were made for them. Whichever, they fit well and work well, and play well, and everyone is the better for it. Messers Albertson and Levene were made of and for this kind of material and they deliver every gag, every gesture, every nuance with just the right amount of style and knowhow. Albertson jumps around like a puppet on a string, a jack-in-the-box jokester let loose on his own. Levene looks like a pug-nose schnauzer who, when taunted by the puppet, barks his head off but never bites. They're a glorious pair.

Minnie Gentry plays a nurse with a richly rewarding sense of competence, as do the rest of the minor partsplayers. Only Lewis J. Stalden, playing the nephew, strikes a sour note. He acts like he's just passed tenth-grade drama 102, and is on his way up. His character, which I must admit left something to be desired in the writing, lacks depth and thought. He could use a few hours of just filling in the blank spots. But then the show belongs to the old masters, and make it theirs they do.

Pity is that this is such minor Neil Simon. It is fluff of the first order. The telling insights that were visible in THE ODD COUPLE and PLAZA SUITE, and THE LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS, and THE GINGERBREAD LADY, and even last season's structurally flawed but funny THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE; almost all of the insight is gone and only the gags remain. It's almost as if Simon made a steady progression from COME BLOW YOUR HORN to the ill-fated GINGERBREAD LADY and then when it flopped, gave up the ghost of playwright and turned back to the tried and true formula that promised success. It's a shame, he could do so much more. But it is funny... THE SUNSHINE BOYS... I must admit, made me laugh more than I have laughed in a theatre in a long, long time. One only regrets what seems to be happening to a potentially great playwright. Oh well, no sense moaning over unspilt milk. Go see THE SUNSHINE BOYS and laugh. It's worth it.

J.A.Q.

MEDIUM PIZZA WITH MUSHROOMS

CHANT DE LA JOIE

MARSHA AND HAROLD

WORDS AND LETTERS

Four One-Act Plays at Playwrights' Theatre of Washington

By Perry Schwartz

The Playwrights' Theatre of Washington opened its first production with four one-act plays in their tiny theatre on 20th Street, N.W. One must almost experience the space to realize the limitations. In a sense, the space will dictate the types of plays to be done at this theatre. In their first bill, the plays could have worked in this space as well as in any other space. A group must realize the limitations of its space, and this group clearly does have that realization.

All of the plays are basically word oriented. That is to say that they do not rely to any great extent on the use of the technical aspects of theatre nor on movement and sound oriented acting. Two of the plays MEDIUM PIZZA WITH MUSHROOMS and MARSHA AND HAROLD are comedies. Both of the playwrights have a good sense of word and situation comedy with Richard Haight's MARSHA AND HAROLD being zanier and, for my taste, funnier. MEDIUM PIZZA WITH MUSHROOMS attempt to get us concerned over a couple who are splitting up. Unfortunately, I could not believe that they ever had the relationship they were trying to dissolve. They didn't seem concerned about one another, but rather about remembering humorous incidents from the past. One of the two really outstanding performances was done by Brenda Holmes, as Diane in this piece. She has a delightful, contagious charm that is a joy to watch and feel. The other performance of merit was the insanely farcical Marsha portrayed by Trudy Elkin in MARSHA AND HAROLD. She has a sense of timing and comedy that I find delightful. The other two actors, Bill J. Brosnahan and Wendy Saunders, followed Ms Elkins' lead and they created an exaggerated style which exactly suited the play. In both of these plays, the use of space by directors Laura Bennett and Jared Matesky was effective and at times inventive.

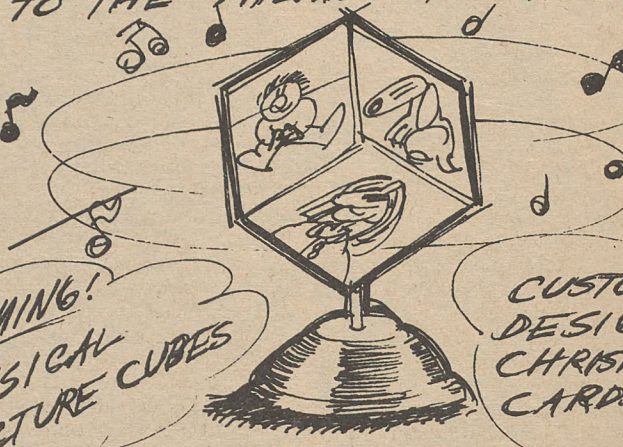
The other two plays were serious and much less effective. Not that being serious leads to being less effective, but for young playwrights, it can. Both of these scripts are so word oriented as to become tedious. At times, even pretentious. CHANT DE LA JOIE takes place in a forest outside the city of New Hope, where a strange, innocent woman meets her "Adam" and gives him her innocence only to have him go back to the real world. As with the basic plot, the play is not very affective poetry, e.g. "and the prickles would prick my skin, prickle, prickle, prickle." WORDS AND LETTERS deals with language generally, and specifically with just words and letters. It talks word games and logic games but never gets around to showing us action. These word oriented plays get in the way of the directors and actors of both plays. The actors in CHANT DE LA JOIE are aware that what

they are reading is filled with poetic imagery and so they read the lines that way. They are not believable. George C. Holets, the director of WORDS AND LETTERS, senses the lack of activity in this script so to replace it he shows us all the ways possible to sit in four chairs and on a table. The movement is not believable.

I am concerned about the space limitations at The Playwrights' Theatre of Washington. Not because it can't be overcome, but because Harry Bagdasarian, the producer, and George C. Holets, the artistic director, seem to be so aware of it. They, in fact, may like the space

limitations because, in a sense, it justifies word oriented drama. They told me in an interview that they were open to all styles. I hope that this is true. They are responsible for the most awkward of the four plays, WORDS AND LETTERS, as playwright and director. I must assume, then, a personal commitment to that style of theatre. I hope for the sake of the theatre that their personal taste will be put aside in order that a wider variety of styles can be presented at the PTW. This first production was quite polished and professional in almost every way. It is a marvelous beginning which I hope doesn't get lost in a commitment to a rather outmoded style.

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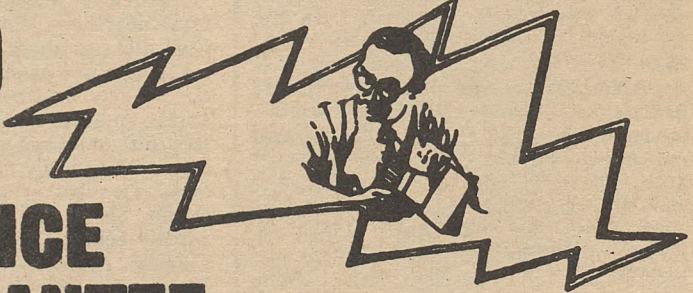


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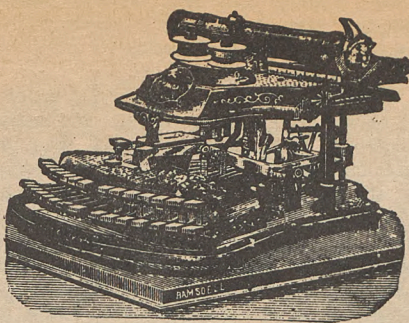
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BOOKS



"Time is too large," I said to myself. "It is richness lost in confusion."

From *Life with the beasties*

IN PURSUIT OF THE BELTSVILLE BEASTIE

By John Thomas

I had run into Tommy Jackson once before, in Chicago, two years ago, in the dead cold of winter. Windfall Press, headed by iconoclastic publisher Paul Edward Pross, was then working on promotion for its Spring releases, one of which was to be Jackson's first published work, a novella called *AUGUST RIVER*. I had accompanied Pross, associate Harry Ambroz, and Jackson to a bar off Norwood Street to get some lunch. Pross did most of the talking, as the four of us sat at the bar listening to the live blues being played in the back room. When Jackson spoke, it was only to tell us of the blues band he himself played with back home in Maryland, or to ask how well Bob (Butterbean) Love was playing for the Chicago Bulls, or to say how he couldn't wait for summer to come so he could do some backpacking in the Rockies. Not a word was said about books or writers or artists.

That spring in Chicago, I spotted a copy of *AUGUST RIVER* in a bookstall and bought it. I was working as a record-review writer for the Tribune then, and hadn't actually read a book since I had dropped out of the University of Chicago three years earlier. It turned out to be a very simply constructed and thoughtful parable about a young boy in a Southern border town who sought satisfaction (of the "I can't get no" variety) — but certainly not best-seller material. I put the book on my dusty shelf and forgot about it.

This summer I got a note from Paul Edward Pross telling me that Tommy Jackson was living right outside of Washington in a rural part of Beltsville, and that Windfall was releasing Jackson's full-length novel *LIFE WITH THE BEASTIES* in the fall. At that time I was on assignment in D.C. covering the Watergate developments for the Tribune. I decided to give Jackson a phone call and pay him a visit.

I found him on a beautifully clear and green morning in September, painting the small white frame house that he shares in Beltsville with Michael and Sara Hanning, who were away that day, in Bethany Beach. Jackson looked the same as I had remembered, except darker from the sun and his hair trimmed shorter. He came down from the paint-splattered ladder and invited me inside for some coffee. I asked him if he had been doing any more writing; he said no, summer was a bad time for him to try to get any writing done; he was more interested in getting his house in shape for the winter. He explained to me that, as far as his writing was concerned, he was a slow worker anyway: "The majority of the work in writing is, for me, the editing and the reworking and the rewriting involved — that is where the craftsmanship has got to be realized. Right now, I'm just kind of evaluating things I've already written down."

He took me outside to see the yard which was crowded with big maples and oak and some smaller mimosa trees. Green pasture land stretched far to the east. At the end of the yard was a series of dark garden pathways that Jackson and Michael Hanning had cut themselves. "This is a good place to run around and unwind in," he said. "We've put a lot of work into the place."

Jackson is 23 now, and considered somewhat of a prodigy by most critics. He now has a novella, a small collection of songs and poems, and a novel to his credit. He has spent the last two years of his life, however, in a sort of self-imposed isolation from the literary and art-minded world that seeks his time and his presence. Only recently has Jackson begun to feel vaguely comfortable when talking about his works; his detached viewpoint toward art criticism and academics is deceptively simple. I have talked with teachers who have known him and I have seen his own bookshelves, and I can tell you that Jackson possesses a very strong background in literature and art theory. In fact, I have heard him quote from Sartre's "What Is Literature" and from Tennessee Williams' "Footnotes to the Glass Menagerie."

Yet, here he is, saying that the printed word as an art form is obsolete and that his

work should not be taken seriously. "I wrote *LIFE WITH THE BEASTIES* out of some weird compulsion to tell a story about estrangement, and to do it in a way that would satisfy me personally. I allowed it to be published because some one was paying me money to do it. Simple as that, really."

And yet not so simple. There is a quality of humanity and action in Jackson's writing that is absent in other young writers' work that makes it special. Ideally, it's the type of writing you should discover yourself. It's a lot like listening to a good record: its beauty is manifested gradually as you familiarize yourself with the song. *BEASTIES* is an intricately simple thing. On the surface, it is the intimate story of a U.S.A. boy who winds his way across the continent and back — across a "land of panhandled dreams." It is a portrait of a lost generation as complex as the 20th Century civilization it mirrors. It takes you through every phase and implication of modern society — from the dead-end niches of urban life to the wasteland of youthful alienation, with all the life and the colors still intact. But the "specialness" of the novel is in its haunting, beautiful rhythm. . . I have never read a book that moves like this one: it spirals and drum-solos and coasts along in time, without ever becoming too confusing. As I said, it is something you really have to experience for yourself; I have talked with my friends about it, and *BEASTIES* seems to affect each of them in a different way. Although Jackson does tend to be a little too obscure in places (it is significant that the hero of the novel has no name) this shortcoming is generally overcome by the novel's all-encompassing rhythm.

Jackson has turned down several offers to lecture about his work at colleges in the Midwest, where his work has been best received until now. "I can't get myself into the promotion schedule," he says, "but I also recognize that it is necessary for my publisher, and that I owe something to him. Pross has treated me well, and is a real good person. I may try some of it after Christmas, but only if I can bring some of my friends along so they can make music. A lecture is a drag, but a more festive scene would not necessarily be a drag!" Jackson still keeps in touch with members of the old blues band that played out of little Emmitsburg, Md., for the three years that he attended off-and-on a small liberal arts college there. "Those were good years," Jackson recalls, "involving a lot of traveling around and a lot of investigation and a lot of very different people." Much of *LIFE WITH THE BEASTIES* has an autobiographical basis, admits Jackson, but he says there are no direct references to Emmitsburg at all. "It was just a beautiful place that I spent a lot of time around and would very much like to visit as often as I can."

Jackson has no particular future projects ahead, outside of assisting a social reformer he knows in Wheaton with some technical writing. "I would like someday to script a very good movie or an animation," he said as we were ending our interview, "but somehow that seems very far away in the future. Right now my main concern is to mobilize myself into some kind of action whereby I can help others, and at the same time express my own needs for seeing and doing a lot of worthwhile things. Does that sound stupid? I don't know, somehow just writing for a living can't satisfy me at all as a way of life. I have got to be moving, doing physical things, acting out plays in my head, performing physical work. . . any writing I do, I consider it a supplement to this need for moving and doing things."

LIFE WITH THE BEASTIES will be released in paperback in the Washington area around Christmas or thereafter. Special pre-publishing editions can be ordered now by mail, I am told by Windfall, if you send a dollar with name and address to BLUESTONE PUBLICATIONS, c/o 5229 Cochran Road, Beltsville, Maryland. However you can, I advise you to pick up on this young and very talented person's novel: *BEASTIES* is worth your time and effort, believe me.

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COUNTERNOTES

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NEW MUSIC FOR STRING QUARTET -
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By Stephen Allen Wheelton

The string quartet is one of the few traditional musical performing groups which have survived from the 19th Century with its popularity among composers and listeners undiminished by fashion. Composers who write pieces for electronic ensembles, indeterminate performers, and other modernistic combinations seem usually to be drawn as well to the string quartet medium. Its only rivals for continued popularity in recent years are the full orchestra and the solo piano.

A good example of what has been done with this seemingly anachronistic format is provided on a recording which is called NEW MUSIC FOR STRING QUARTET. It features two full string quartets, and parts of a third. Each of the three works which appear on the disc is representative of an important school of musical composition current today. The recording is well-recorded, well-packaged, well-annotated, and attractive. All of the pieces are well-played.

First on the record is the fragment. Three of the five movements of Pierre Boulez's string-quartet piece entitled "Livre" are performed; the first two by the Quatuor Parrenin of Paris, and the fifth and last by Das Hamann Quartett of Hamburg. It is appropriate that the Boulez work be fragmented, for it is extreme fragmentation which characterizes every musical and intellectual aspect of the work itself. It is an early work, one which could be called intellectualistic in the extreme. The composer stressed structural order and an almost scientific interconnectedness in creating the work. Any study or analysis of "Livre" would read more like a scientific treatise than a conventional musicological essay. The sound of the work is frenetic, powerful, and strangely moving. It is music of nervousness, unease, and fear.

American composer Earle Brown provides the second work on the record, his "String Quartet." This is a more diverse work than Boulez's, less intellectualistic in its orientation, and far more approachable to naive listeners, or to me. The New York String Quartet performs the work beautifully. It is music of calmness interrupted by tension, of slowness interrupted by scurrying, of easy and familiar sounds interrupted by harsh and frightening ones. I enjoy the work.

The most interesting work on the disc is the "String Quartet Number Four" by Italian composer Giacinto Scelsi. It is one of those rare pieces of music which is a genuine example of raw, unorthodox creativeness at work. Scelsi is a relatively obscure composer; 67 years old and well-versed in traditional music. His recent work has blossomed, it seems, into a kind of unprecedented experimentalism. The fourth quartet explores the sounds of notes very close together in pitch. One stringed instrument will begin with a long held note, while another will poke around the original note, coming very near to it but never matching it exactly. The sound which results from this highly unusual musical process is not only unusual, but at first it seems repulsive because it sounds like instruments trying in vain to tune up. Once the music has progressed, however, the composer's highly personal manner becomes clear to the ear and the piece can be grasped on its own terms. The work begins quietly, slowly, and simply. As time passes, it grows more restless, more tortured, more complex. The drive of the opening never gives way and the work proceeds in one, long gesture. It is one of the most fascinating, beautiful, and curious pieces I have heard in some time. Rome's Quartetto di Nuova Musica is to be congratulated for the ease with which they perform this unfamiliar and difficult piece. I highly recommend this disc.

KULLERVO SYMPHONY

(Angel) - 3678 [Double album]

This piece is a Sibelius-lover's dream. For the record-collector who already has all of the rest of Sibelius' symphonies and orchestral works, this is something new and worthwhile. It adds a new dimension to the composer's output. For the rest of us, the piece is interesting because it is good music. It was written by a young man destined to become the first famous Finn. It provided his initial public success, and yet it disappointed him so much in retrospect that he refused to let it be played or published during his lifetime.

Now that the score is available and the recording is out, we can see that Sibelius'

judgement of this work was harsh in the extreme. While it is no match for his numbered symphonies in the mature craftsman's virtues, it has a diversity, a healthy sprawl, and the vigor of youth. It is a choral and vocal symphony, one which tells a story. In this respect, it is similar to the composer's symphonic poems. Like the best of them, it is based upon a section of the Finnish mythological epic-poem, the Kalevala. In the Kullervo Symphony, however, the soloists and chorus add a dimension to the story-telling power of the music which is comprehensible even to those of us who do not understand Finnish.

The symphony is in five movements, the third and fifth of which include singing. Its melodies are familiar in their Sibelian form. The drones, twists, and convolutions of the melodies are so personal and so unique that they are recognizable. There is an influence of Anton Bruckner in the Kullervo Symphony, an influence which disappeared from Sibelius' music as he grew older. The chords are thicker than usual, the melodies often sound like horn-calls and the brass is used in a massive and almost Germanic way. In addition, Sibelius invented several musical ideas for the Kullervo Symphony which he never followed up. These are perhaps the most fascinating aspects of the piece for a musician who analyzes or studies the pieces he enjoys.

The Bournemouth Symphony of England performs the work in exemplary fashion. It is a fine ensemble, and this disc marks its debut on records. Finnish conductor Paavo Berglund obviously has studied the work for many years, for he conducts it as an old friend to its occasional, youthful crudities. He is successful in smoothing them out, and in making the work seem to be more slickly polished and professional than it is.

Raili Kostia sings the part of Kullervo's sister, with whom he tragically falls in love. She performs as if her training and temperament had prepared her for the rather strange declamatory style of the solos. She sounds perfect for the part. Usko Viitanen, likewise, portrays Kullervo with effective naturalness. He, too, appears to be at home in the young Sibelius' impassioned declamatory solos. The Helsinki University Male Voice Choir accompanies the singers well.

The technical aspects of the record, as well as annotation and packaging, are fine. Since the symphony occupies only three of the set's four sides, there is one side reserved for smaller pieces. Fortunately, these pieces are both unknown and rewarding. The first is Sibelius' "Scene with Cranes," which was originally a companion-piece for his famous "Valse Triste." The other pieces are parts of a suite made from the incidental music which Sibelius wrote for Strindberg's play, SWAN-WHITE.

In all, it is a fine release. None of the music has ever been recorded before, and all of it is interesting. The symphony, in particular, is a large work of lasting interest. It was Sibelius' most ambitious composition in terms of length and size, and it is a good one. The release is a good one.

S.A.W.

EDGARD VARESE

(Columbia) MG - 31078
(Angel) S - 36786
(Nonesuch) H - 71269

It's hard to appreciate the influence of Edgard Varese only seven years after his death. For decades he was a composer so extreme in his philosophy and so singular in the sound of his music that he was referred to as an absurd extremist, rather than as a meaningful or real composer. Yet even before he died, he began to see a new generation of listeners, composers, and musicologists recognize and appreciate his ideas and his music.

What Varese had done was to extend several of the ideas that Claude Debussy had begun. Where Debussy liberated melody from the traditional strictures of its relationship with harmony, Varese de-emphasized melody completely. Where Debussy liberated harmony from the sequential traditions of the 19th Century, Varese de-emphasized harmony as well. Where Debussy created a new form, Varese reduced to triviality and ignored certain aspects of music totally. Varese's chords are almost all alike. Each is complex, extremely dissonant, and non-functional. It is created and put there to be "invisible" to the ear. The melodies are similarly trivial. Trite sequences characterize Varese's music in such a way that listeners will have to concentrate upon other things than melody. By making har-

monies uniform and ugly, and by making melodies trite, the composer prevented his listeners from being interested by either of these two aspects of music.

What remains when harmony and melody are eliminated are form, rhythm, and instrumentation. More important, even, than the destruction which Varese achieves with melody and harmony, is the creation which he achieves with these other three characteristics of musical creation. For the intellectual listener and the musicologist, there is the unorthodox and original process of form and compositional construction which Varese invented. For the average listener, there are the beautiful sounds which he achieves. One of his pieces, *Ionisation*, is scored for a large percussion ensemble, without any other kinds of instruments. When it was written, the piece was scandalous simply because of its scoring.

Three recent releases totalling four records have enriched the Varese discography considerably. One issue is a combining of the two "classic" Varese recordings into one set. Columbia has put together its two discs of Varese music at a special price, thus making them into a bargain. Robert Craft conducts nearly all of the composer's pieces on these two discs, and the *Poeme Electronique* is also included. This is my favorite Varese work, and my favorite piece among all of electronic music. In it, Varese extended his compositional ideas from instrumental music into the electronic medium. In addition, he included several kinds of sounds which could not have been achieved in performed music.

The two discs are totally new, and their fidelity reflects the years of technological advances which have intervened. Angel's disc has four pieces, performed by Konstantin Simonovitch and his Paris International Ensemble for Contemporary Music. The packaging is exceptional, and is marred only by the erroneous inclusion of a photograph of Italian composer Luigi Dallapiccola in place of Varese. The pieces include Varese's last completed one, *Deserts*, as well as three others from his middle period. *Hyperprism* and *Integrale* are each scored for mixed ensemble, while *Density 21.5* is for solo flute. Varese's approach to solo music is especially interesting. Flutist Michel Dubost performs the percussive clicks and strange breathings with expertise.

The Nonesuch disc also contains four pieces and they are also very well played. Arthur Weisberg conducts the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble in exemplary performances of *Integrale*, *Offrandes*, *Octandre*, and *Ecuatorial*. Of these, the *Integrale* is also featured on both the Columbia set and the Angel recording, while only *Ecuatorial*, of all the pieces on the new records, is not also on the Columbia set. *Offrandes*, an early work, features the voice of Jan de Gaetani, who is one of the finest avant-garde sopranos around. Bass Thomas Paul sings the strange text of the *Ecuatorial*. It was taken from a sacred work called "Popul Vuh" from the Mayan Quiche.

All four recordings are interesting. The Columbia set is a classic, it is completely authentic and almost complete. The Angel is more expensive, but it features better sound and plush packaging. The Nonesuch is the cheapest of all, and the best bargain. Varese is one of the "classical" composers who have caught the ear of people who do not listen to a lot of other "serious" music. Frank Zappa has acknowledged his appreciation for Varese's music and his own debt to the older composer. The music crosses boundaries and is interesting to everyone.

S.A.W.

AFTERNOON IN PARIS -

Stephane Grappelli

SUNDAY WALK -

Jean Luc Ponty

BLACK VIOLIN -

Stuff Smith

By Richard Harrington

Three albums featuring various styles of jazz violin have appeared under the same label (MPS-BASF). The best of the three is AFTERNOON IN PARIS by the legendary Stephane Grappelli. Grappelli practically defined the jazz violin in the famous Hot Club quintet he fronted with Django Reinhardt. At age 65, he is suddenly regaining his popularity with a new generation of music lovers, and this album should only solidify that inclination. Working mostly with older standards ("Misty," "This Can't Be Love," "Chicago," etc.) Grappelli shows the subtle range of his instrument. He can move from lyrical whispering that almost float off the neck of the violin, to forceful, speedy runs that accent the dual dexterity of his fingers and his bow. Backed by a very able trio (Marc Hemmeler is particularly strong on piano), Grappelli is as fine as aging wine. His sweet swing album is a perfect companion for the mood and spirit of any Scott Joplin album, even if it's a different style.

SUNDAY WALK by Jean Luc Ponty is

almost vintage, taken from sessions recorded in 1967, before he became popular in this country, but certainly not before he had developed his personal style of progressive jazz violin. Ponty's system of attack is somewhat less lyrical than Grappelli's, more comparable aesthetically to John Coltrane in relation to Lester Young (and when will somebody re-issue some of Prez's work?) Ponty is more into a mid-60's style of jazz with a slightly more funky sense of swing than Grappelli's lyric swing. His solos can at times sound like a soprano sax or like a synthesizer, and at all times are markedly personal in construction, though the influence of Grappelli is very evident.

Stuff Smith died in 1967 at the age of 58, but he had already made his reputation as one of the great swing violinists and he worked with many jazz greats, including Ella Fitzgerald and Oscar Peterson. His album, BLACK VIOLIN, displays an almost mainstream style of jazz, again worked off a group of older standards. He is much closer to Grappelli than to Ponty, and the spirit of swing permeates the album. Apparently, in 1966, Smith, Grappelli, Ponty and the great Swede, Sven Asmusen, came together in Basel, Switzerland and jammed for several days and nights. If there are tapes of those sessions, they must surely be great because each of the component musicians was great, and individual enough to keep things from sounding alike. Until that release, these albums will do a fine job.

PNEUMA - Michael White -

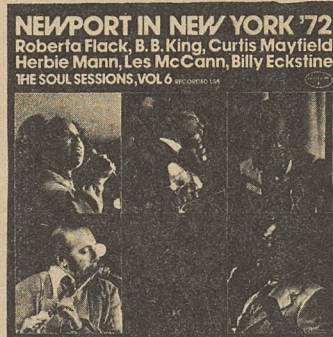
(Impulse) AS 9221

Another violin player, Michael White, has also released a first solo album of the group he now fronts. Called PNEUMA, the title cut occupies the first side. It is a unit constructed similarly in development to the free-form approach of Weather Report, with the four musicians weaving in and out of each other's music (which, however, has a definite series of stages). White has worked with John Handy and more recently put in several years as one-quarter of The Fourth Way. The second side of this album is more similar to the style he developed in that group, very flowing, rhythmic numbers (two of them making use of vocal cross-currents). On this side, the ensemble work is much more developed and White is downright funky. It's odd to find two utterly different sides on one album, but it evidently displays what White can do within the realm of commercial needs, as well as another direction and style he is beginning to explore. Both facets deserve attention.

R.H.

NEWPORT IN NEW YORK FESTIVAL

Volumes 1 - 6 (Cobblestone)



Cobblestone has just released a six album set of the various jam sessions held all over New York during the recent Newport in New York Festival. In any extensive series of jams, there is a level of unevenness due to the lack of familiarity between many musicians. The jams sound very much like jams, with the musicians obviously getting off on working with each other. There are old-timers like Dizzie Gillespie, Mary Lou Williams, Art Blakey, Sonny Stitt, Dexter Gordon, Max Roach and others, vying with "youngsters" like Charles McPherson, Herbie Hancock, Alan Dawson and Tony Williams. In fact, the lineup at times looks like a candidates' list from Downbeat. For the most part, the jam bands made up of the lesser known players seem to get it on with a little more verve and spirit, particularly on the B side of Volume 1, "Lo-Slo Bluze," featuring McPherson on alto sax, Buddy Tate on tenor, and Jimmy Owens turning in some fine trumpet work. Most of the tunes are standards, like "Night In Tunisia," "Perdido" and "Misty," and the first four volumes were recorded at Radio City Music Hall and are released as twin double albums.

Volume 5, "The Jimmy Smith Jam" is the only album that cooks on both sides. Smith organizes [sic] things for sidemen Illinois Jacquet and Zoot Sims (tenor saxes), Joe Newman and Clark Terry (trumpets), and Kenny Burrell and B.B. King (sharing the guitar work), with Roy Haynes keeping things tight with his drumming. The best side is Gillespie's be-bop classic "Blue N' Boogie" and everybody steps to the front with good solo work.

The final volume features mostly vocals,

from the legendary Billy Eckstine to the blues of B.B. King to the soul of Curtis Mayfield and Roberta Flack. Best cuts are Les McCann's "The Price You Got To Pay To Be Free" and Roberta's soaring rendition of "Somewhere." There is a lot of unevenness within the six albums, with Volumes 5 and 6 being the best bets. The only drawback is that all the jazz is very mainstream, with little exposition for newer trends in the medium.

R.H.

ALL THE YOUNG DUDES - Mott The Hoople - (Columbia)



By Bruce Rosenstein

Let's see... words that come to mind while listening to the new Mott The Hoople album... okay... disappointing, and, um, boring in parts, and... tired, and pretty good here and there...

This past summer Mott The Hoople decided they'd had enough and were about to chuck it all in. In fact, they did for a short period of time. Then David Bowie heard the bad news and decided to take matters into his own long nailed hands. He offered to produce and write for the group. Which came about as ALL THE YOUNG DUDES, the album, and the song of the same name.

In sports, it's often said that a team with good players looks great "on paper," but then when they have to go out and play a game with this fabulous combination of personnel they don't pull things together. I'm afraid that much the same thing happened here. Other than two or three good songs, Bowie doesn't appear to have done much for Mott than rescuing them from the Dead. In actuality, it would be a far wiser investment to spend a dollar on the single which gives you "All The Young Dudes" b/w "One Of The Boys" instead of four dollars for the whole album. These are unquestionably the two best songs on the album (the single version of "Boys" is shorter than the album version, but it lacks only the annoying telephone dialing sounds and a little music). Not only that but Bowie's lyrics to "Dudes" are printed on the back and there is a dynamite color photo of the group on the front. And liner notes even. Can't beat that with a stick or Mick Ralphs' guitar.

David has managed to pull Mott The Hoople into the British "Glamrock" category, and the combination of that and having a hit single (in England anyway) has changed things some for the time being. On most of their previous albums Mott would take an obscure, rock song by another artist and give it a new arrangement. The most dramatic example was on the first album, when they somehow made Sonny Bono's "Laugh At Me" sound like a relic from the Dylan archives. On their last LP, BRAIN CAPERS, they did a fairly good version of Dion's "Your Own Back Yard," one of the best anti-drug songs around, though on the same album they blew Jesse Colin Young's "Darkness, Darkness." Well, have they found a new song to sound like new? It's depressing. They had the right choice, Lou Reed's exquisite "Sweet Jane." But, if you're gonna attempt a song that's been done superbly twice on records, live and studio, by the original artist, then you'd better either top it or at least come up with something sufficiently different to make it sound like your own. It's not even close. Lou Reed is still the best, light years ahead of the others, and I should think that if he heard this version it would cause his mascara to run and his skin would crawl right back to New York City. My god, the potential, Mott doing "Sweet Jane"! And what do we get, some anemic riffing by Mick Ralphs, flat vocals by Ian Hunter, who sounds like he recorded this while scanning the newspaper and sipping tea.

As for the rest, "Sucker" and "Mamma's Little Jewel" are palatable, and the others have their moments. "Jerkin' Crocus" is one of the millions of "Brown Sugar" rip-offs floating around. "Ready For Love/After Lights" is okay but nothing to write home about. (Then again, when was the last time you wrote home about Mott The Hoople?) I guess we should be grateful that Mott is still together, but it remains that though this is their fifth album, they have not come near to matching the brilliance of their first. Anyone who likes rock should have that album, but fanatics only need worry about ALL THE YOUNG DUDES. The single, sadly enough, will do fine if you want current music by the group.

BELOW THE SALT

Steeleye Span - (Chrysalis)

It is indeed a rarity to find a group of young musicians who totally dedicate themselves to the study and presentation of the folk heritage of their native country. Yet such a band is Steeleye Span. They are British, and have left to others the rehashing of heavy rock, American blues and country and western, electronic experimentations, collaborations with the London Symphony Orchestra, and have made the purpose of their band to discover traditional English folk songs, preserve them and pass them along to their listeners.

They manage to do this as faithfully as possible, with few frills and no drastic changes. They play the music in practically a rock band format; singer, guitars, electric bass, fiddle-mandolin, but no drums. Yet they are far from a rock band. Electric yes, but rock no. Rock bands don't sing this well, rock bands aren't as tight as this, and they don't sound like they are having as much fun.

Steeleye Span uses no original material, they play only traditional songs, and they are practically the only British band doing this full time. There are a couple of other minor competitors, and others like Fairport Convention who have been in and out of the music for years, but no one with the dedication of Steeleye. On this, their fourth album, but only the second released in the States, they are for the first time on record working with their excellent new members, bassist Rick Kemp and guitarist Bob Johnson. Both came from rock bands and consequently they give the band whatever subtle rock feel it has, but above all they have given the band a more solid sound and added a couple of fine voices.

It is really unfair to single out people in a band where everyone is so integral to the overall sound, but special mention must be made of Maddy Prior's voice, for it is surely a special thing. I think it's one of the few actual cases of gifts from heaven. The only match for Maddy is Sandy Denny. Ah, but Sandy can't play the spoons like Maddy! Nor can she dance as well. As a whole the band is practically untouchable for vocal abilities. There are two a capella songs, "Rosebud In June," where everyone sings perfectly, but the absolute killer is "Gaudete," an a capella chant done in Latin, (the lyrics are printed here for you Latin scholars to enjoy). I can think of few songs for which the adjective haunting is as appropriate. This is a knockout on stage, as all stand side by side, and sing in the traditional manner, with fingers in ears. On the album there is a distant echo effect which enhances the mood, and you really feel as if you are sitting in a vast Gothic church, alone and awed.

Probably the most fun in English traditional music is the jigs, and here we have "The Bride's Favourite/Tansey's Fancy," with Peter Knight leading the way on fiddle and mandolin, and Maddy providing the beat on spoons. (Maybe she'll win the Playboy or Melody Maker poll for "miscellaneous instrument.") The lyrics to all the songs are printed on the inside cover, and much of the subject matter concerns itself with amorous adventures of maids and kind sirs and lasses and blacksmiths' sons in the fields and forests of olde England. Typical lines are "We'll pipe and we'll sing love/we'll dance in a ring love/When each lad takes his lass/All on the green grass." Or "Has he robbed you of your mantle, has he robbed you of your ring/No, he's robbed me of my maidenhead, and another I cannot find."

They do a version of "John Barleycorn," and with Tim Hart singing, they do it completely different than Traffic. For those who may be dubious of the need for an electric guitar in a folk group, you need only listen to Johnson's lovely work on the album's closing cut, "Saucy Sailor," to see how well he fits in. His presence, vocally and instrumentally, is also quite prominent on the seven-minute "King Henry."

Besides the lyrics and instrumental credits (no outside musicians were used), the source of all songs are listed, a simple, yet very nice and informative gesture that maybe would not occur to others. If you saw them live with Procol Harum in either of their recent gigs, chances are that you are already in possession of BELOW THE SALT. All others keep in mind that the music is contagious, but quite good for you all the same.

B.R.

WET WILLIE II - (Capricorn)

If you ever see Wet Willie on stage, you may be struck with the thought that they have an identity crisis. While I did enjoy their show at Emergency last winter, I kept feeling that here's these guys who are not only trying to sound, but even look like a cross between the J. Geils Band and the Allman Brothers.

I mean, keyboard player John Anthony is not only bopping around like Seth Justman of J. Geils, but he's wearing the same kind of cap as Seth, and wearing it the same way. Of

course, they've been touring a lot with the Allmans, so some of that similarity may just have been things they picked up in one way or another from the headline crew.

Identity crisis or not, Wet Willie has come up with a fine second album. They sound like a lot of people, of course, because they're so eclectic (but then isn't everybody?) but they don't sound like they are copying J. Geils or the Allman Brothers or anyone else and get down they do. They seem to be exploring the roots of rock, and nearly every style is here. There's R&B in Titus Turner's "Grits Ain't Groceries" and Otis Redding's "Shout Bamalama"; country with "Shaggy's Song," an original; blues with Elmore James' "It Hurts Me Too"; old rock 'n' roll on Little Richard's "Keep A Knockin'"; and more "modern" hard rock on two originals, "Airport" and "Shotgun Man."

Not everything works. I could have done without another version of "Keep A Knockin'" and "It Hurts Me Too," but they do an especially good job on "Shout Bamalama" and "Grits Ain't Groceries." Lead vocalist Jimmy Hall is a shouter, but his shouting has got more behind it than most other noisy rock shouting, and besides, when he doesn't shout, as on "Shaggy's Song," a real sad country song dripping with Cowboy Scott Boyer's pedal steel guitar, he gives a fine performance, still as emotional as before, losing none of his expressiveness.

Anthony is a knockout on keyboards, and the organ and electric piano play an important part in Wet Willie's sound. He is at his best on "Shout Bamalama" and the album's instrumental, "Red Hot Chicken," which, for my money, is about tied with "Shaggy's Song" and "Grits Ain't Groceries" for the best cut on the album. This tune also gives Hall a chance to show his chops on sax and harp, and he does a creditable job.

By the way, if you haven't gotten into their first LP, you might want to because it's really good, too. (It's got a much nicer cover, besides.) But it doesn't matter which one you get first, this one's as fine as can be, especially if you're itchin' to rock, and it won't let you down.

B.R.

ROXY MUSIC - (Reprise)

If someone were to sneak up behind you in a dark alley and stick a gun in your back and force you to tell him about what Roxy Music's album sounds like, chances are that you wouldn't be able to do that. First of all, it's your fault for walking alone in that alley, but it is quite difficult to say what Roxy Music is all about.

There really is no one who comes to mind who sounds like this group, even in their native England where there are loads of different sounding bands. The best I can do is to say that they start from a standard hard rock framework and work out from there. There is little of practically everything here, even some jazz, which they claim to hate - or at least ignore. There are many strains of 'fifties rock 'n' roll, Beach Boys-type rock, early Beatles music, classical and electronic music (they have a synthesizer-tapes wizard named Eno who handles that sort of thing) and they're produced by King Crimson's Peter Sinfield, which gives you some idea of what's going on. The thing is that it's not one hard rock song here, one 'fifties number there, it's all there together in each song, in near equal parts. The lyrics seem okay, though I haven't been overly straining to make them out. For some reason there are a couple of stretches of near silence on the record, but I imagine it's clear to them what they are doing.

Monster tracks on the album are "Virginia Plain," which was a big hit for them in England, where this album is also firmly entrenched in the Top 10; "Re Make/Re-Model," on which lead singer Bryan Ferry sounds uncannily like Roger Chapman of Family, with that wild sort of quiver in his voice; and "Would You Believe," an all-out rock blast, with the strongest 'fifties sound and some raunchy lead guitar work by Phil Manzanera. The album ends in another distinctly 'fifties mode, with "Bitters End." No matter which years they may go back to occasionally, Roxy Music is most definitely a creature of the seventies. I have the feeling that if they tour America soon things over here may never be the same again. Stay out of dark alleys, but give a listen to Roxy Music.

B.R.

NAKED SONGS - Al Kooper - (Columbia)

By Michael Hogan

It's my impression that the air gets pretty snotty wherever Al Kooper goes... or is that just my imagination? Once again Kooper utilizes his admirable production skills, and to a lesser degree, his talents as an arranger, to put forth two hands full of fairly likeable, yet barely memorable tunes penned of his own hands and hands of others. He also uses the

arp synthesizer extensively, though it generally sounds like an anemic toy string section. And I do kind of like the sound of "As The Years Go Passing By," but that plus is negated by his ruination of John Prine's "Sam Stone." Heh, heh, I was gonna get nasty and say something like "How long is Clive Davis going to humor Kooper by letting him record?" but that's uncalled for. Kooper's music is harmless and there's a number of things here that are bound to get airplay and thanks to Kooper's slightly slick production concept they'll make your cheapo-cheapo radio speaker sound much better than it really is. Anyway, Winter in Washington is no place for songs to be running around naked.

IMPULSE ENERGY ESSENTIALS - Various Artists - (Impulse)

This is by far the most fulfilling Jazz education currently available in one package and it's being taught by some of the coolest jazz Ph.D's around. Spread over this three record course are musical dissertations by John and Alice Coltrane, working separately, as well as together; Archie Shepp; Max Roach; Cecil Taylor; Elvin Jones; Pharoah Sanders; Sonny Rollins; Ornette Coleman; Albert Ayler; Charlie Mingus; and Michael White, to name most of them. For each of the 19 tracks there is a fascinating paragraph of background information as energetic as the music itself, plus a schedule of the who's, where's, and when's of each recording date. Indeed, most of this music requires a higher degree of interest and courage than rock, but Jazz on this level is a door to be entered head first, and eight dollar keys are just too hard to come by for this one to be passed up.

M.H.

AT CARNEGIE HALL - It's A Beautiful Day - (Columbia)

IABD's first album helped pull me through my last several olive drab army months stuck somewhere in the middle of Kansas, which is just outside of Mobile and not too far from Lodi. After that I sorta lost interest in them, but it was mutual (of Kansas?) so it was alright.

Three items save this album, for me anyway: three tunes, "Hot Summer Day," "Bombay Calling," and "White Bird" from that first LP; the excellent sound given this concert recording by the engineers, and finally, the obvious musical professionalism of the group despite the weakness of the rest of their material.

"Good Lovin'" and "Grand Camel Suite" are from albums two and three, while the remaining three ditties are new things and thus, I suppose, give the disc a certain extra validity in addition to being a live album, although I think the group and the effort deserve(d) stronger credentials.

M.H.

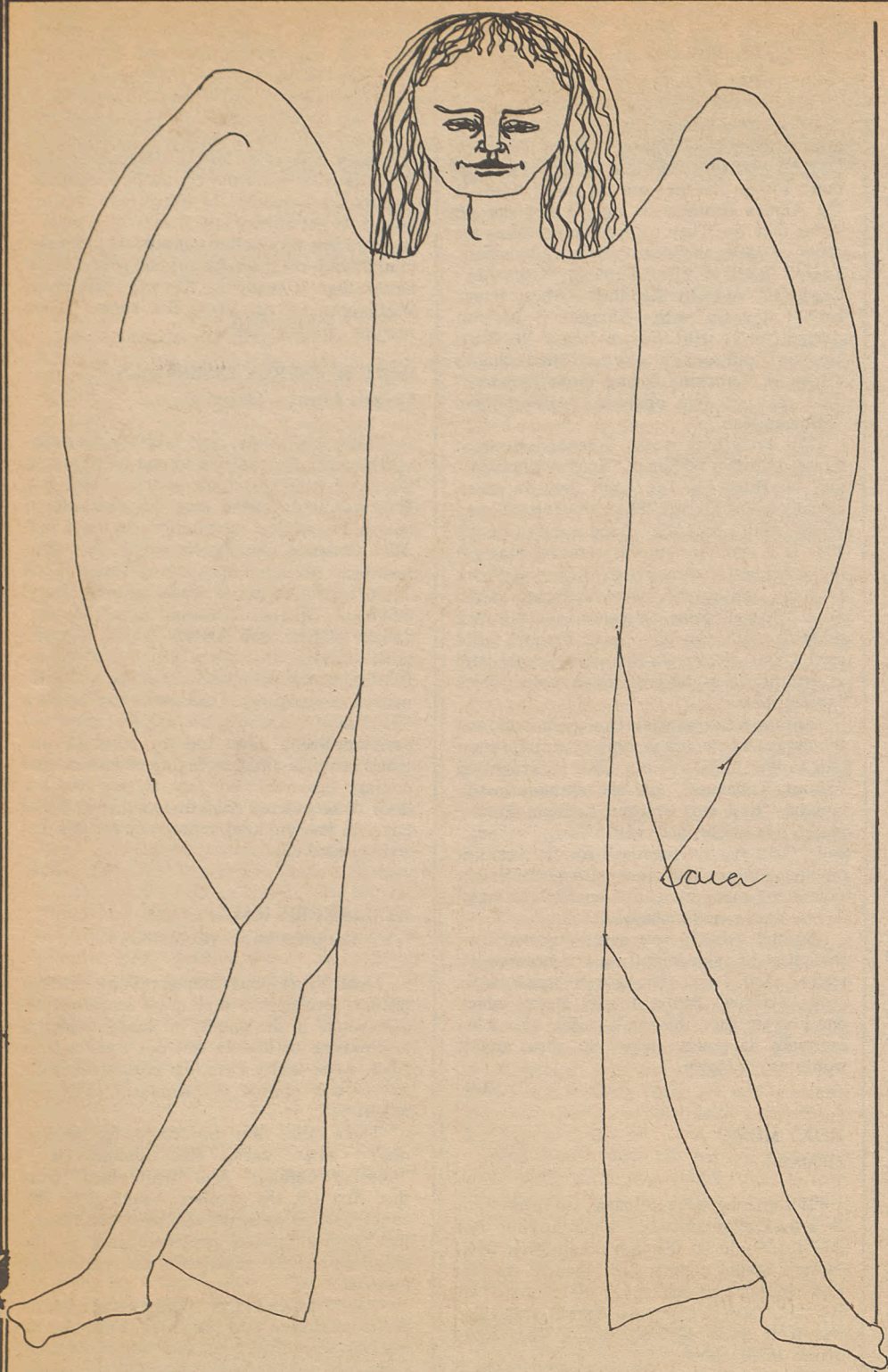
FOR THE ROSES - Joni Mitchell - (Asylum)



Joni Mitchell is quickly settling in as my main man, yeah, no one else can do for me what this lady can do with the flick of a guitar at the end of her wrist; feels like you made love when you've merely been kissed.

She'd only call them songs, maybe even admitting as to how meaningful they are, to her, that is, but from here they feel like minor musical miracles. A strangely refreshing loneliness that sends such sophisticated chills up the spine. An eerie invitation to participate though she has fled before you can arrive. A narrow escape into tighter and tighter corners, yet the special freedom of knowing where lay the edges of your world, your needs, your love. Sometimes. "Cold Blue Steel And Sweet Fire," of value beyond rare, in the company of exquisite timing, tunes, and presence, the insulated imagery of "Electricity," et al.

Life on a new label, a brilliant new depth to her sound and her voice. Stories, tears, and laughter, your private picture in a public place, how painful the thorns, but for the roses.



0 DAYS OF WRATH

Rachel never knew if I'd be on time or if I would disappoint her and not come in at all as I often had since being fired in May. She had no way of knowing. Janny, blimp-faced and harsh, a little mommy with needles for words and a crocheting hood for loving-kindness — Janny stood gloating over Rachel those droning June mornings as the clock's one great appointment tocked by and I didn't appear, saying, "Now, Rachel. Rachel, don't cry. You know what your daddy is... like."

And there would be tears, waxen, slow, then sudden as quicksilver saucers or scales slipping downward over the tulip swells of her Grecian underlids and onto the ripening blossoms of her cheeks. And Rachel would stand motionless, her hair whipped, swirled into a fancy little do for this outing with me, too fancy, almost sexy in a yellow party dress

at three and a half — all vulnerability and convulsed knees because I had stood her up again.

While up on Capitol Hill, beery dawn would be breaking at noon as this touching little scene took place, between mother and daughter, over in northwest Washington. Father, forty or so seemingly impassible blocks to the east, would be dragging himself out from under the gilded disaster of two six-packs of Miller High Life (just what was the high in his life all about?) and groping through a hellish season of used underdrawers for the clock. Damn! missed it again! this drunk would think, clapping hand to forehead in the classic pose of all losers and becoming undistinguishable, once again, from his bed-clothes.

All right, reader; you have had your little self-justifying cliché to gloat over — sick with

rancid arguments for the plastic Women's Lib; so let me tell you what really happened. When Rachel had been taken away from me by the D.C. court some 8 months before, I was given the democratic rights as a father — i.e., to make my payments and not cause trouble, and in one fell swoop my love for my daughter and her love for me (being one and the same) was reduced to a mere grotesquerie of what it had been when I had had her in my custody — two skeletons at once embraced and growing forever distant, like a weird bony love knot, into the past. Now we were, for all practical purposes, no longer flesh of one another's flesh, blood of one another's blood. She lived with her mother. I came and I saw her on weekends: the travelling salesman of fatherly love.

With me she had been happy, a bundle of ruddy life, glowing. With Janny now she could frailly pipe "thank you" and "you're welcome," while love flew out the window and hope went glimmering — gossamer, gaudy-gold, an angel that no one dared love — all on a Saturday afternoon.

when I called her and she cried, saying

"Come now."

"I can't come see you now. Your mama wouldn't like it. You know that."

"Now!" More tears. Well to hell with that stupid bitch, Jan. I was going to see Rachel, illegal or not.

So we all three had that family outing, anyway. It took place at dusk of the typical Saturday in June. Sunlight is diminishing and in its crashing rays I (freshly shaven) hold Rachel (in her pink nightie) out on the lawns in front of our old place, while Janny (dressed to date and innovate) minces whimpering and squeaking like the brat mouse she is at the blinding and birdlime-bitter sidelines of a game love affair she has, in a real sense, started and now cannot, in any sense, stop: her daughter's and mine.

The brat mouse whines and pretends to skirmish, Jacob! She'll catch a cold, Jay-cob. Bring her inside and go away, Jay-cob.

The brat mouse bats and twinges — and plainly doesn't like these outings. Such as they are, she thinks she's being very tolerant putting up with them, now that she has the power, now that she has won the case and dragged her daughter back by the tailbone of her custody through a writ in law. But her dad thinks she's being the dead finger for a

fool. Retired Navy Captain that he is, D.T. Wildboar properly thinks she should knock me galley-west. It is one dismal scene, let me tell you. Janny has the power, all right, but I have Rachel's love. Bullshitters are forever raising Cain to protect their own interests, but what about the rights of our children? Don't they count in this fucking affray?

Well, apparently not, as Rachel screams, as I hold her, as brat mouse Janny shrills at the both of us, Get out, Get inside, Get out of here. No sound for sore ears, it is pretty unenlightening and it is very unloving. I Jacob Field (who always played the field, until now, for all the tit and brat mice he could grab), I do not blame thee, wee, weeweenee Janny Wildboar, for not wanting to be a mother, not after I knocked you up — dear God, as a person, that's your sexless right! But why do you have to want the kid then? Why do you have to destroy what Rachel is and loves just to justify becoming something you'd rather not be? And why, at the trial, did those faggy graduate students and that bishop (that Unitarian in drag) all have to climb aboard your bandwagon, like some sort of liberal lynching bee, making Rachel but the sacrifice to your failure? Because they'd failed at it too? At love? At this whole business of Creation and now needed... The Law? That's only likely, you know. You don't castrate a father and you don't destroy his child out of the best intentions, in case you're interested.

And so I hang onto her as Janny blasts us with her reprehensible pleas, as the dun and dour sun splinters crashing soundlessly into a stifled explosion like a paint pot kicked over and slopped out across the sky, bland and wild Creation itself through which shadows flit like furies or like the black robes of other-worldly judges. It is as if some sort of terrible judgment, higher than that of the D.C. court, is about to be rent and rendered. Janny tears asunder inside to forestall her date, breathing, ohhhhhhhh! Every time I turn toward her door to follow, Rachel tugs me back, using herself with an incredible leverage on my shoulders as though she is possessed, truly, by some power from on high. As I try to turn with her, I cannot. Dazzled, I fail. Her whitish torn hair gets illumined by the sunset. It has swirls of glory. I am teetering at the edge of the blazing earth with her. We are being drawn into fire together. In our hearts, we can never go back.

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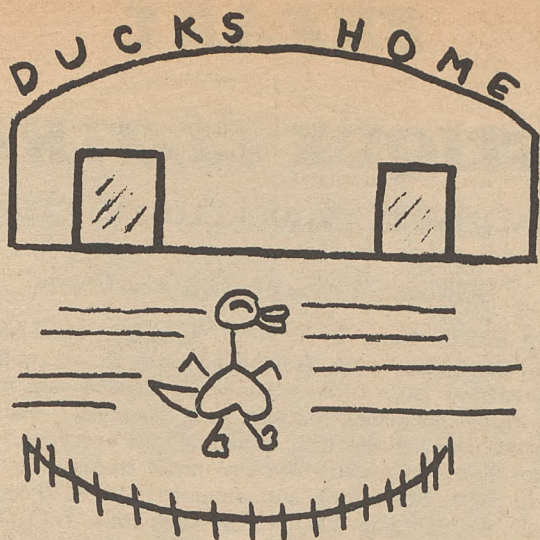
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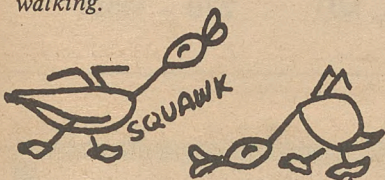
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The little duck was lost last night. Well. The big duck was lost last night. And being lost made him seem little. Anyway, the little duck was lost last night. He was locked out of his home. He had flown outside the compound and when the door was locked he was left out in the cold, but it wasn't cold, but that was where he was left. And when he discovered that he could not get back to his bed and his food and his friends, he set up a great squawk. And he ran from one door to the other of the children's zoo and squawked and squawked. And at each door he would stop and try to get in because the doors were glass and the little duck didn't know about glass. He didn't know that you can see through glass but you can't walk through it and sometimes you can't hear through it. And he was walking and squawking and squawking and walking.



And there was an attendant inside who was cleaning the zoo on the other side of the glass but he didn't notice the duck just squawking and walking. And trying to go through the glass. Because, after all, the little duck did not know about glass, and there is a lot of squawking and walking in a zoo anyway, and the attendant was busy doing his job, de-trashing in a few minutes the area that people took all day to trash. All kinds of people. Big people, little people, old people, stout people, thin people, black people, yellow people, white people, red people, he people, she people. All people. And when you are busy doing something you block out a lot of sounds and the duck was on the other side of the glass anyway and one little duck's voice cannot always make itself heard above all the other zoo noises. Besides, it is no new thing to hear a duck squawk in the zoo.

ROAR CHIRP
HISS BLEAT GRUNT
NEIGHHHHH CHATTER
WHINNYY CHATTER

So anyway, while the duck was having his say, trying to attract the attention of the attendant by running from door to door, trying to get back indoors, trying to get through the glass, trying to get home, a crowd was gathering. A

crowd will usually gather at the slightest excuse. At the slightest excuse, people will come together. Hoping that by some magic a bit of life will rub off on them. They huddle like sheep on a cold night huddle together for warmth. But the warmth that they seek is not physical and the communion they seek is not physical.

And the people gathered. All kinds of people. Big people, little people, young people, black and white and yellow and red people, he people and she people. And they watched. Because you see they had to watch. The reason that they gave for coming together was to watch. But that was not the real reason, but that was the reason that they gave so they watched, and they

wondered. And they laughed at the funny little lost duck walking and squawking. And they would laugh until the show was over. But the show was not over yet. And they were laughing now

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

at the funny little lost duck. Because they were here to watch. And they had to watch to be here and when they laughed they proved they were watching.

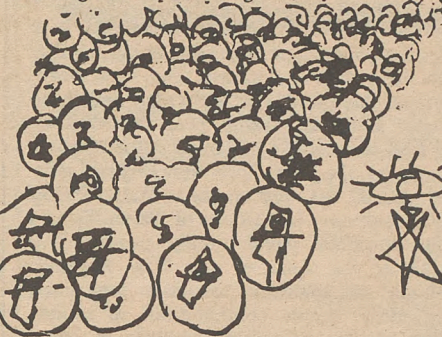


And so they laughed and they wondered how long they could make this moment last. How long they could they feel the person behind them. How long could they smell the person next to them. How long could they watch through sly slitted eyes the person in front of them.

And they wondered what they would do if the person turned around and looked into their eyes and saw that they were not watching the duck. But then it wouldn't matter because he who turned would not be watching the duck either. But then they might both be discovered and have to leave. But no one turned. And the people did not have to leave. And they were all one together watching the little lost duck. Or rather, the watchers were one.

But the feelers. They are different. They are the ones who can ruin any watcher's day. If it were not for the feelers, the watchers could stand and gape till the stars fell. But the spoilers always come. The spoilers are the feelers. And the spoilers are the actors. And the spoilers are the spoilers and they always come. They watch the little lost duck but they do not laugh. They see the little lost duck and they feel. They see the funny little lost duck and they act.

And the feelers came and they saw. And they did not watch and they did not laugh. But they saw and they felt. And they saw a little lost duck walking and squawking.



And the feelers saw and they said,

HEY HEY HEY HEY HEY HEY

Here is a duck walking and squawking. Here is a little lost duck. Here is a duck which is hungry and there is food

just beyond the door. Here is a duck which is tired and there is a bed

just beyond the door. Here is a duck which is lonely and there are friends

just beyond the door. Here is a duck which is lost and there is home

just beyond the door. And the feelers came, but they shouted

HEY Y!!!

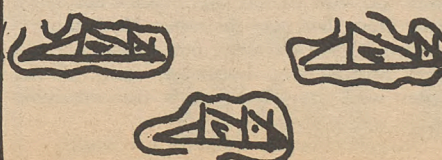
and they waved their arms. And the spoilers came, but they shouted

HEY Y!!!

and they jumped up and down. And the watchers said quiet or you'll frighten the poor little lost duck. But what they really meant was quiet or you'll ruin the scene.

we will have nothing and then have to leave. We have float in hermetic-seal-balloons which

we can watch but not see. In which we are safe. In which we live our sterile deaths till life pops our bubble and we die. Quiet or we will have to seek a new duck to watch and that is so much trouble.



But the feelers kept on shouting and kept on waving their arms and kept on jumping up and down because you see it is very hard to hear through an hermetically sealed polyethylene balloon. And it is very hard to make yourself heard through glass.

And the feelers shouted hey and the attendant looked up and he saw the feelers waving and he heard the feelers shouting through the glass because HE Y!!! is not the usual thing you hear in a closed zoo but squawking is and feelers don't need to shout at each other anyway. They feel each other and the attendant was a feel-be-they each other And feel-shouted

And the attendant saw and HE Y!!! he knew the funny little lost duck. And he felt and he knew the hunger and the loneliness and the loss of the funny little lost duck. Walking and Squawking. And he came and he opened the door.

And the watchers laughed but they knew the show was almost over so their laughter was sad because soon they would have to go out and find other ducks to watch. And soon life would seep into their balloons and they would die. And the feelers knew the show was almost over and they were happy because soon a little lost duck would be home.

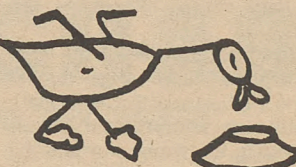
And the little lost duck found his own way in then and found his home



and his bed



and his food



and his friends and he was no longer lost and he was happy. And his friends were happy. And the feelers were happy.

But the watchers went away.

THE
END

LONGHAIR

By Louis C. Fantasia

Chamber music is one of those strange nomenclatures, in which the medium includes the message. In size, a chamber ensemble can range from one soloist and his accompanist, to twenty or so string players. In content, the music can be by Bach or Bartok. In style, well, to put it simply, anything goes.

There are literally thousands of chamber music ensembles in the greater Washington area, from larger organized units like the D.C. Baroque Arts Orchestra, to the hundreds and hundreds of string trios and quartets made up of amateur players from the State and Agriculture Departments, students and faculty members from the area schools, and housewives and grandmothers, who get together on Wednesday night to read through the opus-eighteens, the "Trout," and maybe a Brandenburg or two.

In the past two weeks, however, we have been fortunate that several of the best chamber ensembles performing today have come to town. These are of course the pro's pros, but it was interesting to watch the audiences at these performances. Considerably more of the nodding heads and tilted ears seemed to be intimately familiar with what was being played than is normally seen at a Tuesday NSO concert. Having grappled with the problems of Brahms, Beethoven or Bach, they have no qualms in putting their interpretations up there with the best!

So, to run down what transpired, in basically chronological order, but still going Bach to Bach:

The Cologne Chamber Orchestra was brought to the Concert Hall of the Kennedy Center by the Washington Performing Arts Society, which was responsible for much of the music presented in the last two weeks.

A young bunch, the Cologne Chamber Orchestra strode on stage attired in their black pullovers or jumpsuits with an obvious look of enjoyment at being able to dig into some of their favorites in such a fine hall as JFK. Perhaps they dug a bit too hard; the opening symphonia by J.C. Bach was a little on the rugged side, with a disturbing singleness of volume and style. Things quickly settled down, as Maestro Helmut Muller Bruhl lead the group in support of formally dressed pianist, Ted Tosselson's Bach Clavier Concerto.

Bruhl, who founded the Cologne ensemble and is a distinguished chamber music coach in Europe, has in common with Alexander Schneider and the newly formed Brandenburg Ensemble, the peculiarity of using the piano instead of the harpsichord in these works. Of course, this is an old argument, one way or the other, and there are more good, young pianists about than harpsichordists, but still, to add my two cents worth, the music takes on a tonal quality and stylistic grace when played well on the instrument it was intended for (which is another argument). The second half of the program, things really began to swing, especially with a delightful Mozart Serenade for Oboe, Two Horns and strings, which was performed with wit and class. . . and music.

It seems that when the solo oboist took his seat, there was nothing on his stand, and even after five minutes of running back and forth, nothing was produced. Bruhl gave his oboist his own score, conducting from memory (which is one of the things which probably took the starch out of him) and the result was a warm response from the audience which brought a Bach "air" encore. (The doors, Mr. Hayes, the doors!)

These little incidents are one of the great things about chamber music. Page turners would walk on to find no seat for them and a stage hand would come scurrying out. Stands and chairs were set in the wrong way and the virtuosi would move them - fiddles in hand. Flukes can be fatal, as with the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, when, in the middle of the first movement of the Mendelssohn Quartet, violist Walter Trampler's pages flapped in the breeze so that the group had to stop, and start again, taking more than a little while to get back into it.

Next in town was the Bueneri String Quartet, which claims to have the most blended ensemble sound of any group going. Blended perhaps, but not balanced. With four voices playing, all four should be heard, and too often this was not the case. In the opening Haydn opus 76 quartet, the excitability and elan given to the work were more than Papa Haydn would bear, and yet, in the following Brahms F minor quintet, with pianist Gary Graffman, the restraints were on. I was once told by a very distinguished chamber music coach an interesting idea. Brahms is like

thinking, Raphale Bronstein used to say, if he has an idea let him have it. This was perhaps too thought out an interpretation, leaving the Romantic Brahms behind for the logical one.

On that same Sunday, this time in the National Gallery, four first desk players from the Portland, Maine Symphony Orchestra presented a challenging and engrossing program which I went to hear with no little skepticism.

Woe to the big city slickers who think that the only thing to come from Maine is Ed Muskie. This quartet of young Americans is as polished an ensemble as one will find in New York, and as exciting to hear as anywhere. They opened with the Ives first quartet, a piece not too often played, and handled it as if it were Haydn, feeling completely familiar with every line and phrase. The slow movement of this quartet is fairly well known to concert audiences, having been reworked by Ives and inserted as the Fugue in his Fourth Symphony. To prove their New England salts they quartet next put on one of Walter Piston's string quartets, which amply proved why Piston is the dean of the New England "school" of American classicists: long lines, tight ideas, simple combinations of sounds which become inexorably complex as things go by. The group handled it very well indeed, and my only regret is that I had to leave at intermission and was unable to hear their performance of the Bartok first quartet.

Every now and then, the Kennedy Center Management will do something amazingly intelligent for itself, such as the Old and New Music festival, and the return series of concerts by the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, which opened last Saturday with a program as diverse as one could want. Beginning with Gervase de Peyer's incomparable interpretation of the Debussy rhapsody for clarinet (the same work that was very well played by the NSO and Loren Kitt just a few days before), and going through the rest of the program, was a sense of complete confidence and knowledge, that just made one marvel at the ease (apparent ease, that is) with which the several fine musicians assembled by Artistic Director Charles Wadsworth, played.

Pianist Richard Goode, violinist Charles Treger, and Cellist Leslie Parnas brought out the best of Beethoven in a form he all to infrequently used, the trio. They performed his "Ghost" trio, so named for the spooky second movement, played without much vibrato by the two strings. Adding second violinist Hiroko Yajima and Violist Walter Trampler, the quartet provided a solid and sensitive background for mezzo soprano Frederica von Stade, in the Rhespigi "Il Tramonto" (The Sunset). Since the text is an Italian translation of Percy Shelly's poem, why didn't the program notes contain the original verse? Ms von Stade has a fine voice and good sense of the Romantic, but she did push things a little in trying to get a volume level she really didn't need with the four players behind her. The program ended with the above mentioned ill-fated Mendelssohn D major quartet.

Closing things out was the first Washington appearance of the Brandenburg Ensemble, a New York based group headed by the world's foremost second violinist, Alexander Schneider. Schneider is a great coach and teacher, as exhibited by his Christmas string program, and much more; a good violinist, as exhibited by his numerous recordings with various ensembles and the Marlboro musical family; and he's not a bad conductor. But the ensemble came off as a pretty good student ensemble at its best.

Its best was a rugged performance of the Third Brandenburg concerto (this was an all Bach program), played by just the solo strings.

I think perhaps that the more Schneider works with this group, the more he can get his ideas across for the larger works as well. Murray Perahia made a tasteful piece of the Second Clavier concerto, a bit too tasteful actually, and he seemed to miss out on the bounce and verve that Bach wrote in all his music. Paula Robinson came out after intermission to do the Second Suite for flute and orchestra, and had her playing been as lively as her orange dress, everything would have been fine. Too often she was buried by the orchestra, and even more often the tempos were too slow or too fast to allow her to do little more than play the notes. Much more is needed here, and in the performance of the fifth Brandenburg, in which, again, all the notes were played, but that true ensemble sense was lacking.

So goes chamber music for two weeks.

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By Ron Willis

Donau, Donau, Donau

roll dirty
shit brown river
Danube in flood
again
ripping its way through
the most interesting
Country in the
world
white wine
of joy
blue-eyed
maidens who
love to love
here was invented
writing and
the castles of
a kingdom look
over your
golden joys
harvest of the
sensuous wonder of summer
Wein
Bratizlava
Esztergom
Buda
Pest
Erd
Dunaumivaros
Baja
Novi Sad
Beograd
Turnu-Serverin
Novo-Selo
Lom Kozloduy
Seanovtsi
Svistov
Ruse
Tutaken
Ostrov
Galati
Vikovo
drunk on the
moon and
rice wine
T'sei ki-yang
painted a
scape of the
land
ruled over
by a power of the
air
sailing
on a ship of
dragon scales
the God of dirt
showed him
where all
pleasure

he dreamed he was
a Frenchman
dreaming he was an
ancient
Chinaman
and he pondered on
reality
was he in
truth
T'si ki-yang
or a seller
of dirty
books on
a quai?

golden wine
of your valleys raises
our minds to heights
of super-joy
we remember crinkly papers
in your cafes
and drinks
not heard of
elsewise
the malifolous tinkle
of a hundred accents

salts your waters
with the civilizations
of ten thousand years
here was Eden
here girls invented
Love
here were hopes first
forged
here the ark grounded
here we shall launch
our star-ship
and minds shall
mature into
beauty
give me a vinyard
on the hill
a Baroque library
on the Donau
and a blue-eyed girl
for my bed and
I
shall
show
you
Heaven



Hard Rider

Forth on my Tibetan cycle
I roar through the
forests of Transylvania
while zeppelins drop
marzipan from
above
Sign the spring in
the years I
want to hear

Golden thread
of the mind
woven in a
warp of
Gypsy time

the King of Spades
Loves us all
white froth of
cataracts
spraying my sunglasses

A skull
my headlight
a Jewish analyst
my guide
Shell and slivovitz
my fuel
The Bardo Thodol
for a road map

How did I get here
from there?
The great entrance points
to our continuum
Tibet
Roumania
North St. Louis

Ah, ngagspa of
the Oltul
throw me a
Bud

Around Da Town

Da (Occasionally) Classy Show-Biz Column

By T. Tobasco Tattle



Well, hello. I've been on a short vacation, getting in shape at the John Smothers' Rock Concert Training Center. Splashed on a lot of High Karate, cultivated a beer belly. Look out, you hipp-eyes. Eeeeeeyaaahhhhuunnkk! (Mr. Smothers is the familiar bald-headed ass-kicker at many local rock concerts.)

Guess what band is now ex-Temptation Eddie Kendrick's backup group? Give up? Well, it isn't the Cherry People. No, it's the Young Senators, who were the baaadest soul group in town before they went with Kendrick, who ~~says~~ lead on the Temp's "Can't Get Next To You" and other black gold hits.

I might be relating the obvious, but do you ever listen to the musical jokes the Cavett Show band, lead by drummer Bobby Rosen-garten, makes? Every entrance fanfare, every station break tune is directly, and often hilariously related to the guest speaking at the time.

For example, say a physician appears who has a new book on sexual problems. The band will introduce him by playing "I Can't Get Started With You." Say a pollution expert is on the show. The band will strike up "On A Clear Day You Can See Forever." Get it? Now that you know, it'll drive you crazy, too.

Success Story Exclusive! Our very own Fat City, Bill and Taffy, songwriters supreme, composers of "I Guess He'd Rather Be In Colorado" and "Country Roads" have been elected to the Muzak Hall of Fame! Yes!! I heard "Country Roads" with a neat-trumpets-and-brushes arrangement playing on the Muzak at the Capital Plaza Shopping Mall. Sure hope them royalty checks don't pile up too high at the post office!

Did you know that Redskin quarterback Sonny Jurgensen was once known as the hottest rock and roll guitar player at Duke University? That he was in a band that used to do first act to Doug Clark and the Hot Nuts??

Sha Na Na's guitarist, Chis Donald, whom Rolling Stone once called "a family skillful," is playing with the Washington blues band "The Nighthawks" when he's not on the road. He and Jimmy Thackary share the geetar leads.

Sky Cobb, the local band whose manager calls them "The Hot Rod Turtle from Cerebellum Md.," will be appearing at New York's Village Gate on December 4th. Two shows: 8:30 and 9:30 pm. Huzzah!

Roy Buchanan has been recording his second album at the Record Plant in New York. He's going to be doing some singing on this one. Titles so far include "Hey Joe," "See See Rider," several country songs, and one that keyboard man Dick Heintze said was "sort of a cross between Bach and 'The Thrill Is Gone.'" Roy's using some session rhythm section aces on some tracks, and is even doing some overdubbed stuff. All right!



Beach Boys

By Gerry Ashley

There hasn't been too much Boogie in the D.C. area lately, what with some of the recent goings-on in government, added to the everyday hassles of city life. Oh, there have been some fine concerts this fall, for the most part due to Jack Boyle, an area promoter.

But, it wasn't until Thanksgiving Eve, when the Beach Boys appeared in concert at Constitution Hall, that it became clear to me, that the Boogie hasn't gone out of the fine people here... and it ain't goin' anywhere!

Call it what you will... interest in the Beach Boys' new material, nostalgia for their oldies, or (most likely) a combination of the two... whatever, D.C. had a thirst, and the Beach Boys knew just how to quench it.

Oh, there were flaws... to be sure. The sound company (SHOWCO, from Dallas, Texas) had problems during the first half of the first of two shows, trying to get the balance down pat, and they were too loud during the entire second show. This was a bit surprising, because SHOWCO is well known for their excellent work. (But how efficient would any of us be after two straight weeks of one nighters?) So much for poppycock.

The fact is, the Beach Boys (still) put on one of the most entertaining shows in the business. They select their concert material, being careful to keep an even balance between older and new material. That they succeeded was obvious. They performed updated versions of such classics as "I Get Around," "Help Me, Rhonda," "Don't Worry Baby," "Good Vibrations" (standing ovation), mixing in a healthy dose of some of their most popular new material. Most notable were "Student Demonstration Time," "Long Promised Road," "Marcella" and many more.

One common criticism about the Beach Boys used to be their "lack of meaningful lyrics." This is partially true... but then again, they don't try to drive home a "heavy message" in everything they do, and that's to their credit. However, one listen to "Long Promised Road," and you have to admit that they no longer lack lyrics.

Despite the aforementioned problem with the sound system, they put out a high quality sound, which is more than can be said for a lot of bands who sound great on record, but fall apart in concert.

The Beach Boys don't sound as good in concert as they do on record. This is not to take away anything from their performance, but rather it is due to the fact that they are virtual perfectionists in the studio. On stage, they may lose some of the polish, but their stage show more than makes up for it. And I have yet to hear anyone match their excellent harmony either in concert or on record. CSN&Y came mighty close, but don't forget that even they admitted that they were inspired by the BB's.

Each member of the group was featured at one time or another during the evening. Carl, Mike, Al, and Dennis were all as entertaining as usual, and they still seem to enjoy performing as much as the audience enjoyed listening. However, it's the potential of the two newer group members, Ricky Fataar and Blondie Chaplin (both ex-members of Flame) that seems to be one of the group's biggest assets at this time. Ricky, an excellent drummer, also plays guitar, piano, organ, congas, and probably his shoe laces, if he feels like it. Blondie, equally talented, adds some fine vocals along with his gutsy guitar work. I sincerely hope these two talents are featured more often.

The concert ended with a rousing rendition of the Stones' "Jumpin' Jack Flash," in which Mike Love did a hilarious take-off on Mick Jagger. Sure, Mick's got it all over Mike, but it was all in fun, and the audience ate it up and begged for more. I think Mick would have gotten off on it, too.

If the several songs they did from their soon-to-be-released album, HOLLAND, are any indication of things to come, then we've all got a lot more boogie to come.



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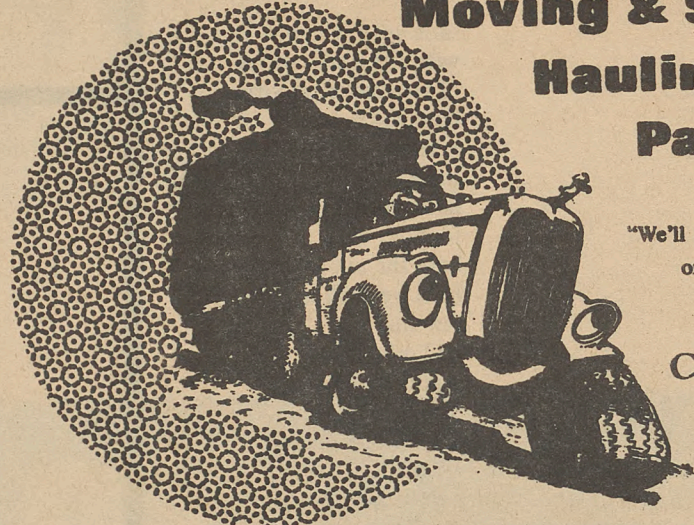
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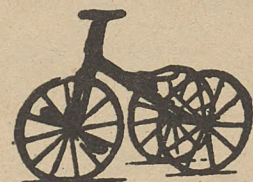
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METATHEATER PROJECT PRESENTS an evening of LOST RITUALS on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, December 14, 15, and 16. The four-part program, which starts at 8 P.M. includes (I) Happening & Revival; (II) a film "Seeing Is Believing"; (III) a shadow play, "Wait and See"; and (IV) the Magorine Space Pierrot Mimes. The project will be held at the George Washington University's Marvin Theater at the Student Center. General Admission tickets are \$2.00, and \$1.00 for students.

THE CALENDAR to use during the next year is the one being put together as a result of a meeting of the Womens' Workshop at the Corcoran Art Gallery, last spring and the Womens' Art Registry. This calendar is composed of original silkscreens by Terry Braunstein, Judy Byron, Christine Demeter Annette Fox, Phyllis Hoffman, Marianne LaRoche, Jackie MacMillan, Marie Ringwald, Pat Silbert, Ruth Stenstrom, Rosemary Wright and Ann Zahn. The calendar costs \$15.00 and will be available through the Corcoran Bookshop, the Jane Haslem Gallery, and Talking of Michaelangelo.

A MOST UNUSUAL poetry/literature newsletter, Abbey No. 7.333 (the issue after No. 7) is now out, free, and available from David Griesman, 5011-2 Green Mountain Circle, Columbia, Maryland 21004. In addition to current, local writing; the newsletter is packed with interesting notes that verge on literate graffiti. It's worth your while to harass David and get your latest edition. A very-much-fun newsletter.

SECONDUP GALLERY, at 2028 P St., N.W. will be presenting its Christmas Art Show on the 16th and 17th of December. Included in the show will be macrame, sculpture, leatherwork, paints, art and Christmas cookies. Good Cheer and Tidings of Joy. Even more in the Christmas spirit, all items and artwork are priced for seasonal giving, even if you have a touch of Scrooge in you. Help out local artists have a Merry Christmas by giving a friend a wonderful present. The SecondUp Gallery is just upstairs from the Community Bookshop, near Dupont Circle.

THE FRANZ BADER GALLERY, 2124 Pennsylvania Avenue, is equally getting into the Christmas spirit through its special, reduced-price Art Book Sale. Titles available range from the mosaic of Rome to Van Gogh to Cubism and the Twentieth Century. For more information, call 337-5440.

CHILDRENS' HOSPITAL will be the recipient of your contributions made at the annual American University's WAMU radiothon. The station will be broadcasting live, from a trailer stationed in front of the Mary Grayden Center, 24 hours per day, from December 5 through 8.

Beyond any doubt, Childrens' Hospital is a worthy cause and one worth remembering this Christmas Season.

"DANDY DICK," by Arthur Wing Pinero, is the second presentation on the agenda at Baltimore's Center Stage. The play, a quasi-satire on Victorian manners and morals, will be staged at the theater's regular hours and will run through December 17. For information, programs and tickets call (301) 685-5020.

GOT THE BLUES? If not, you can get some in the Chicago style every Tuesday and Wednesday night - from 8:30 - 1:30 - at the Far Inn. Mark Winner and the Night-hawks are on hand to entertain, featuring Chris Donald of Sha Na Na and Bob Radcliffe on guitar. The Inn is located at 3433 Connecticut Ave., N.W.



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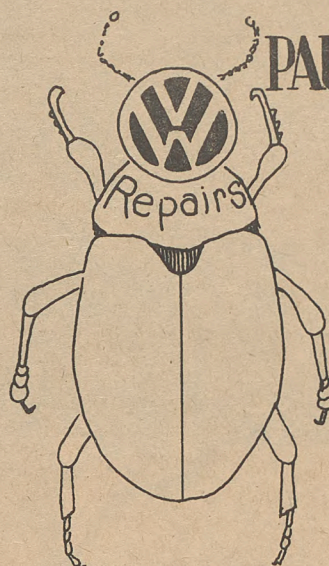
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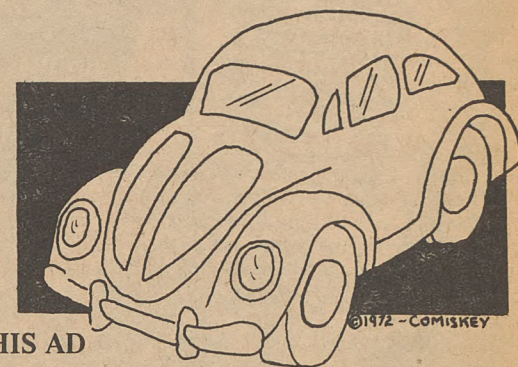
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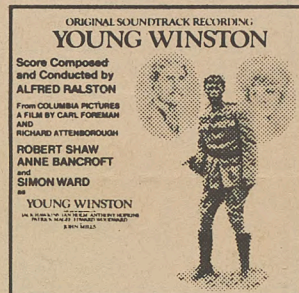


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CALENDAR OF DELIGHTS

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5

MUSIC

Patricia Boos, Organist 12:10 pm, 1st Congregational Church - free.
Buddy Rich; the Stardust; 843-6233
Nitty Gritty Dirt Band; the Cellar Door; 337-3389
Folksingers; the Brickseller; 293-1885

FILMS

Goyokin; Cerberus III; 337-1311
The Hellstrom Chronicle & On Any Sunday; Circle 337-4470
Eight Film Portraits; Museum of Natural History Audit. 7 & 9 pm; \$1.25 (students \$1); 381-5157
Japanese Prints; Bouys in a Floating World; Walters Art Gallery, Balto.; 1 pm; (301) 727-2075
Young Winston; MacArthur

EVENTS

Lecture - A Multi-Media Thetise on Nuclear War & Peace
Gaston Hall; Georgetown Univ.; 8 pm
Transcendental Meditation Community Lecture; Lyon Vill. Community Ctr; Arlington; 8 pm; 538-4888

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6

MUSIC

Jerome Lowenthal, pianist & Balto. Symphony chorus
Lyric Theater, Balto.; 8:30pm (301) 727-7300
Earl Brown; Peabody Conservatory of Music; 8:30 pm
Heavy Organ - Virgil Fox; Lisner Auditorium; 8 pm \$4.00; 676-7312
Ernest Bernsteienne, organist; 12:10 pm; Epiphany Church
Bach program; free
Montgomery College Music Dept. Rockville Campus, Fine Arts Theater - Handel's Messiah (abridged) - free
Lucia Diaz; soprano, Robert Parris, piano; 8:30 pm Pan-American Union (OAS). Tickets free upon request.
Buddy Rich (see Dec. 5)
Folksingers (see Dec 5)
Nitty Gritty Dirt Band (see Dec 5)

FILMS

Goyokin (see Dec 5)
Hellstrom Chronicle & On Any Sunday (see Dec 5)
Young Winston (see Dec 5)

EVENTS

Folkdancing; GWU Marvin Ctr. Ballroom; 8-10:30 pm \$.75, 676-7312
The Hullabaloo Election of Osbert or Jess; Smithsonian Puppet Theater; 10:30 & 11:30 am; 381-5395

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7

MUSIC

Liz Meyer & Friends; Childe Harold; 9:30-1:30; 483-6702
Jerome Lowenthal (see Dec 6)
Marshall Madrigal Singers; 8:45; Arts Club
Buddy Rich (see Dec 5)
Folksingers (see Dec 5)
Nitty Gritty Dirt Band (see Dec 5)

FILMS

Band of Assassins; Cerberus III; 337-1311
Young Winston (see Dec 5)

EVENTS

Touch Clay - A Ceramic Experience; Renwick Gallery
11:45 am; 12:30, 1:15, 2 pm

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8

MUSIC

Liz Meyer & Friends (see Dec 7)
Buddy Rich (see Dec 5)
Nitty Gritty Dirt Band (see Dec 5)
Folksingers (see Dec 5)

FILMS

Band of Assassins (see Dec 7)
East of Eden & Viva Zapata; Circle; 337-4470
Take the Money and Run; GWU, Lisner Aud. 7 & 9:30 \$.50

EVENTS

Artists Unlimited Art Show; Van Ness Shopping Ctr; 946-9307
IF Coffeehouse; 1313 NY Ave, NW; 9-1am; 543-7729
National Ballet - Sleeping Beauty; JFK; 8pm 254-3600
Tzigane European Gypsy Ensemble; JFK; 8:30; \$6-\$2

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9

MUSIC

New Riders of the Purple Sage w/ Livingston Taylor; Georgetown U.; McDonough Arena; 8:30pm \$5 965-9650
Liz Meyer & Friends (see Dec. 7)
Liz Meyer & Friends; C.L. Perriwindle's Country Store; Silver Hill Shopping Plaza; 1:30-4:30; 420-5516
Dave Brubeck; Lyric Theater, Balto.; (302) 727-7300
National Symphony Orch.; JFK; 3pm; \$8-\$1.25; 254-3600
James Taylor; Cole Field House; 8pm; \$5.50/\$4.50

Ted Alan Worht & Andrew Crow; Takoma Academy Aud.; 8:30pm; 270-8512
Elizabeth Schwarzkopf; JFK; 8:30pm; \$6.75-\$3.50; 254-3600
Buddy Rich (see Dec 5)
Nitty Gritty Dirt Band (see Dec 5)
Folksingers (see Dec 5)
Rare Earth & Beloved; Robinson H.S.; 7pm; 532-0229

FILMS

Band of Assassins (see Dec 7)
East of Eden & Viva Zapata (see Dec 7)

EVENTS

Artists Unlimited (see Dec 8)
IF Coffeehouse (see Dec 8)
National Ballet - Tribute Variations for four, Harlequinada & Bartok Concerto; 2pm (see Dec 8)
National Ballet - Tribute Variations for four, Brillante & Bartok Concerto; 8 pm (see Dec 8)
WAFU Coffeehouse; Parish Hall, Grace Church, 8pm

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 10

MUSIC

Arlington Symphony Orch. - free Christmas Concert; New Thos. Jefferson Comm. Ctr, 125 So. Old Glebe Rd; 3pm 558-2161
Liz Meyer & Frineds; the Bong Works; 18th & Belmont, 3rd floor; 4-5pm; 667-4000
Murray Perahia; Johns Hopkins U.; 7:30; (301) 366-3800
Grand Fund Railroad; Balto. Civ. Ctr; 8pm; \$6.50-\$4.50
Chicago Symphony; JFK; 3pm; 254-3600
The Obernkirchen Children's Choir; JFK; 8pm; \$5.50-\$3.50
Modern Jazz Quartet; Museum of Natural Hist.; 8pm
Hootenanny; Cellar Door; 337-3384
Hootenanny; Brickseller; 293-1885

FILMS

The Philadelphia Story; AFI at JFK; 2pm; \$2; 785-4600
Oylvia Scarlett & A Woman's Face; AFI at JFK; 7:30pm \$2; 785-4600
Samurai Banners; Cerberus III; 337-1311
East of Eden & Viva Zapata (see Dec 8)
Steps Toward a New Consciousness - 7 films; Museum of History & Technology; 5:30; \$1.25 (students \$1); 381-5157

EVENTS

National Ballet 2 & 8 pm (see Dec 8)

MONDAY, DECEMBER 11

MUSIC

Earl Scruggs & Ned Hodony
Earl Scruggs & Ned Doheny; Cellar Door; 337-3389
Choral Concert - the Messiah; Pr. Geo.'s Comm Coll.; Queen Anne Fine Arts Autd; 8:15; 336-6000 X397
Folksingers (see Dec 5)

FILMS

This is Transient Life; Cerberus III; 337 1311
East of Eden & Viva Zapata (see Dec 8)

EVENTS

Mass Transit Poetry Project; Comm. Bookshop; 2028 P st nw 833-8228

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12

MUSIC

National Symphony Orchestra; JFK; 8:30; 254-3600
Folksingers (see Dec 5)
Earl Scruggs (see Dec 11)

FILMS

This is Transient Life (see Dec 11)
The Stranger & The Wages of Fear; Circle; 337-4470
Steps Toward a New Consciousness; (see Dec 10)
Christmas Crackers & A Christmas Carol; Enoc Pratt Free Library, Balto.; 2 pm; 685-6700

EVENTS

Transcendental Meditation (see Dec 5)

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 13

MUSIC

Earl Scruggs (see Dec 11)
Liz Meyer; Montgomery Comm. Coll. Campus Ctr; Rockville; 4pm
National Symphony Orch. (see Dec 12)
Folksingers (see Dec 11)

FILMS

The Stranger & Wages of Fear (see Dec 12)

EVENTS

Folkdancing (see Dec 7)

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14

MUSIC

Liz Meyer (see Dec 7)
National Symphony Orch. (see Dec 12)
Folksingers (see Dec 5)
Earl Scruggs (see Dec 11)

FILMS

The Good, the Bad & the Ugly & Fistful of Dollars; Circle
The Mockingbird & The Red Kite; Jewish Comm. Ctr.; Rockville; (301) 881-0100
A Taste of Israel; Rount the World Adventure Series, Lyric Theater; BALTO (301) 685-2370

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15

MUSIC

Earl Scruggs (see Dec 11)
Folksingers (see Dec 5)
Renata Tebaldi & Franco Corelli; JFK; 8:30; 393-3803

FILMS

SUB Films - A Raisin in teh Sun & Sweet Sweetback's Baadass Song; Pr. Geo's Comm. Coll., Queen Anne Fine Arts Auditorium; \$1
Petulia & Barefoot in the Park; Circle; 337-4470
A Taste of Israel (see Dec 14)

EVENTS

IF Coffee house (see Dec 8)

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16

MUSIC

Bluegrass Concert - Liz Meyer & Friends w/ Dick Drevo & Bluegrass Association; Arlington; 7-9pm & 10-12; \$1.50 527-1412
Folksingers (see Dec 5)
Earl Scruggs (see Dec 11)
Wyoming St. Band, Earth Onion, Fast Flying Vestibule - Benefit Concert; Grace Church; 8pm; \$2; 333-7100
Liz Meyer & Friends at Perriwinkle's (see Dec 9)

FILMS

Petulia & Barefoot in the Park (see Dec 15)

EVENTS

Quilting Deomnstration; Renwick Gallery; 10am-4pm
Dancers of Mali; Washington Performing Arts Society; 1300 G St., NW; 8:30pm; 393-4433
Benefit Dance for Some of Us Press (SOUP) - a group of local poets raising publishing money; 8 pm

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 17

MUSIC

Liz Meyer & Friends (see December 10)
Hootenanny (see Dec 10)

FILMS

It Should Happen to You; AFI at JFK; 2pm; \$2; 785-4600
Gaslight & Camille; AFI at JFK; 7:30pm; \$2; 785-4600
Calcutta & Murmer of the Hearts; Circle; 337-3370
Skezag; Museum of Hist. & Tech. Aud.; 5:30pm \$1.25 (students \$1); 381-5157

MONDAY, DECEMBER 18

MUSIC

Tim Hardin & Emmie Lou Harris; Cellar Door; 337-3389
Choral Arts Society presents Christmas Music; JFK; 8:30; \$6.50-\$3.50; 254-3600

FILMS

Calcutta & Murmer of the Hearts (see Dec 17)

EVENTS

Mass Transit Poetry Project (see Dec 11)



New Riders, G.U. Dec. 9